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STREET BALLADS,
POPULAR POETRY,
AND
HOUSEHOLD SONGS
OF
IRELAND.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
DUNCATHAIL.

"With hope for our country,
Ye come to us ever, sweet Songs of our Land."

FRANCES BROWNE.

SECOND EDITION.

DUBLIN:
McGLASHAN & GILL, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.
1865.



TO
THE INDUSTRIOUS, HARD-WORKING,
YET CHEERFUL AND GENEROUS;
TO THE PATIENT, LONG-SUFFERING,
YET HOPEFUL AND ASPIRING;
TO THE VIRTUOUS, DEVOTIONAL, AND HEROIC;

To the People of Ireland,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

Duke.—O fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown.—Are you ready, Sir?

Duke.—Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

SHAKESPEARE.

PREFACE.

A LENGTHENED preface to a Little Book were as vexatious, and not so interesting, as the frequently repeated protestations and apologies of a parlour vocalist; or as much out of place as a long-drawn grace to a light repast, set before children who are blessed with healthy appetites. Therefore my introduction of myself and my book shall be brief; it is this:—

For the past few years the gathering together of these materials has been the occasional amusement of my leisure moments. But it has been more than this—it has been a labour of duty and of love. For I could not rest satisfied to think that these Ballads, Songs, and Poems, which, for the most part, had found a place in my heart from the moment I had cast my eyes upon them, should not be bound together, and placed in an accessible form within the reach of the people whom I love, and whom I long to serve in some humble way, commensurate with my poor abilities. That which I could do I have done, and would stimulate those who can do more, to more profitable work for the Dear Old Land.

Not that I would undervalue the work here attempted to be accomplished. To soothe the resting hour of a labourer amid the prairies and savannahs of the Western world, or to cheer the reposing soldier amid the camp-fires of the bivouac; to sing to the listening ears of Age the songs of memory and of hope, to Youth the song of love, to Manhood and Womanhood that of patriotism and duty—to the Child the strain which he may not forget, and which may win him to his home, should he stray, and bind him to Ireland in weal or woe; this is a deed, which cannot save a nation from martyrdom, but yet it pours the precious balm of love upon its weary feet, and cheers the hearts of those who may be capable of serving her with more than words or songs.

September 20, 1864.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

To the call for a second Edition I respond with pleasure. The Publishers have done their part, by improving the general appearance of the work. I have corrected any errors that may have crept into Notes and Poems; and by a few alterations have presented a greater variety of Ballads in the volume, and have represented a greater number of Irish Writers. To the Authors who have shown so kind an appreciation of my motives in making this selection, by granting their cordial permission to make suitable and abundant selections from their works—in some cases presenting me with manuscripts for that purpose—I return my grateful thanks.

March 17th, 1865.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
April 20th, 1864,	17
A Fragment of M'Anliffe's Prophecy,	53
A Snow Song,	55
At Niagara,	56
A Picture of Munster,	79
A Portrait,	82
A Cushla Gal Mo Chree,	90
An Exile's Dreams,	105
Arthur M'Coy,	159
An Callin Deas,	163
A Land-Law Rhyme,	174
A True Story, called Molly Bawn,	191
A Wall: 1847,	219
An Irish Mother's Dream,	237
Boatman's Hymn,	77
Burning of an Emigrant Ship,	86
By Memory Inspired,	88
Brosna's Banks,	139
Blarney Groves,	146
Caoch the Piper,	20
Connor's Revenge,	44
Come to me, Dearest,	70
Caitlin Tirral,	181
Dirge for Devin Reilly,	8
Dear Carrigaline,	28
Dirge of Rory O'More,	40
Drimin Donn Dilla,	120
Davis,	182
Drahaheen O Machree,	187
Dirge of Oliffeir Gras,	220
Florence, my Child,	29
Fineen the Rover,	130
Farewell to Pleasant Erinn,	205
Fairies,	222

	<i>Page.</i>
Gentle Brideen,	233
He built me a Light Boat,	177
Irish Lullaby,	13
Irish Emigrants, 1776,	94
I'm very happy where I am, 162	
Life's Wreck,	43
Lament of the Ejected Irish Peasant,	92
<u>Love in the Country,</u>	<u>104</u>
<u>Love Ballad,</u>	<u>143</u>
<u>Lower Glanmlire,</u>	<u>192</u>
<u>Mo Callin Donn,</u>	<u>68</u>
<u>Music, Music, come, oh come,</u>	<u>98</u>
<u>Mac Kenna's Dream,</u>	<u>136</u>
<u>Mo Bhuachaillín Bán,</u>	<u>157</u>
<u>Music in the Street,</u>	<u>165</u>
<u>Michael Dwyer,</u>	<u>203</u>
<u>My Old Blind Mare,</u>	<u>206</u>
<u>My Violon,</u>	<u>219</u>
<u>Mallow,</u>	<u>242</u>
<u>Nano Nagle,</u>	<u>197</u>
<u>Nanny's Sailor Lad,</u>	<u>218</u>
Our Olden Tongue,	26
Oh, Fair shines the Sun in Glenara,	69
Owen Reilly: a Keen,	127
Oscar, the Dog of Shaun Desmond,	168
<u>On the Bay,</u>	<u>233</u>
<u>Over the Morning Dew,</u>	<u>244</u>
Patrick Sheehan,	1
Rory of the Hills,	5
Repose: Glengarriff Bay,	150

	<i>Page.</i>		<i>Page.</i>
Roving Brian O'Connell, . . .	235	The Fisherman's Prayer, . . .	124
St. Stephen's Night, . . .	4	The Cailín Deas, . . .	126
Shemus O'Brien, . . .	58	The New Race, . . .	131
Slav na-Mban, . . .	134	The Lullaby, . . .	132
Spirit-Company, . . .	158	The Bard Ethell, . . .	141
Shaun's Head, . . .	171	The Claddagh Boatman, . . .	147
Sitting by the Hearth, . . .	210	The Shan Van Voelt, . . .	152
Song of Galloping O'Hogan, . .	212	The Shannon, . . .	154
Song, Not always the Winter, .	213	The Drinan Donn, . . .	156
		There are Voices I ween, . . .	164
The Vigil of the Shan Van		The Sunny South is glowing, .	175
Voelt, . . .	14	The Martyr, . . .	179
Tipperary Recruiting Song, . .	18	The Irish Mother's Lament, . .	183
The Wearing of the Green, . .	23	The Western Winds, . . .	185
To a Furze Bush, . . .	33	The Clare Election, . . .	189
The Harper of the Glens, . .	36	The Outlaw's Bridal, . . .	194
The Moon behind the Hill, . .	41	The Tagus and the Lee, . . .	197
The Rising of the Moon, . . .	42	The Irish Rapparees, . . .	200
The Irish Peasant Girl, . . .	66	Talk by the Blackwater, . . .	209
The Streams, . . .	72	The Robin, . . .	211
The Gardens of Life, . . .	73	The Little Black Rose, . . .	214
The Brothers, . . .	83	The Pass of Plumes, . . .	215
The Young Enthusiast, . . .	97	The Holly and Ivy Girl, . . .	224
The Boys of Wexford, . . .	100	The Shamrock, . . .	226
The Felons, . . .	102	The Cannon, . . .	231
The Spinning Wheel, . . .	108	The Lupracan, . . .	240
The Evletion, . . .	109	Time's Earthquake, . . .	245
The Green Little Shamrock, . .	112	The Heather Glenn, . . .	246
The Blarney Stone, . . .	113	The Shepherd's Farewell, . . .	249
The Widow's Message, . . .	117	To an Infant, on presenting	
The Apostle's Grave, . . .	118	her with a Green Top-knot, . .	248
The Irish-American, . . .	121		
The Rapparee's Horse and		Up: written in 1798, . . .	243
Sword, . . .	123	Wishes and Wishes, . . .	116

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page.		Page.
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.		DE VERE, AUBREY.	
Nannie's Sailor Lad, . . .	218	Dirge of Rory O'More, . . .	40
The Fairies,	222	The New Race,	131
The Lupracaun,	240	The Bard Ethell,	141
ANONYMOUS.		Song—Not always the	
The Vigil of the Shan Van		Winter,	213
Vocht,	14	The Little Black Rose, . . .	214
Tipperary Recruiting Song,	18	DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW.	
The Wearing of the Green,	23	Life's Wreck,	43
The Rising of the Moon, . .	42	DOHENY, MICHAEL.	
Burning of an Emigrant		A cushla gal mo chree, . .	90
Ship,	86	DAVIS, FRANCIS.	
By Memory Inspired, . . .	88	Wishes and Wishes, . . .	116
Lament of the Ejected Irish		DOWLING, J. J., M. D.	
Peasant,	92	The Claddagh Boatman, . .	147
Mac Kenna's Dream, . . .	136	DUFFY, CHARLES GAVAN.	
An Caillin Deas,	163	The Irish Rapparees, . . .	200
There are Voices I ween, . .	164	DRENNAN, WILLIAM, M. D.	
Music in the Street, . . .	165	A Wail: 1847,	219
Davis,	182	FERGUSON, SAMUEL, M. R. I. A.	
A True Story, called Molly		Boatman's Hymn,	77
Bawn,	191	FITZGERALD, JOHN.	
Up: (written in 1798) . . .	243	The Blarney Stone,	113
To an Infant: on present-		The Apostle's Grave, . . .	118
ing her with a Green Top-		FORRESTER, ELLEN.	
knot,	248	The Widow's Message, . .	117
BRENNAN, JOSEPH.		FRAZER, J.	
Dirge for Devin Reilly, . .	8	Brosna's Banks,	139
Florence, my Child, . . .	29	FOREST, J. L.	
Come to me, Dearest, . . .	70	Blarney Groves,	146
An Exile's Dreams,	105	GRIFFIN, GERALD.	
BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.		A Portrait,	82
Dear Carrigaline,	28	Nano Nagle,	197
BROWN, FRANCES.		The Shannon,	164
The Streams,	72	HOGAN, M.	
BOUCICAULT, DION.		Draháreen O Machree, . .	187
I'm very happy where I		IRWIN, THOMAS.	
am,	162	A Picture of Munster, . . .	79
BURKE, JAMES J.		Spirit-Company,	158
The Martyr,	179	Time's Earthquake,	245
CAMPION, JOHN, M. D.		The Robin,	211
The Felons,	102	My Violon,	229
Love in the Country, . . .	104	An Irish Mother's Dream, .	237
The Outlaw's Bridal, . . .	194	JOYCE, ROBERT DWYER, M. D.	
CHEERY, ANDREW.		St. Stephen's Night, . . .	4
The Green Little Sham-			
rock of Ireland,	112		

	Page.		Page.
Oh! Fair shines the Sun on Glenara,	69	A Snow Song,	55
The Boys of Wexford, . . .	100	Mo Cailín Donn,	68
The Rapparee's Horse and Sword,	123	The Cailín Deas,	126
Fineen the Rover,	130	Shiav-na-Mban,	134
The Drinan Donn,	156	Caitlín Tirrial,	181
Song of the Galloping O'Hogan,	212	The Clare Election,	189
The Cannon,	231	Farewell to Pleasant Erinn, .	205
Roving Brian O'Connell, .	235	Dirge of Oilfeir Gras, . . .	220
Over the Morning Dew, . . .	244	Gentle Brideen,	233
KICKHAM, CHARLES J.		The Heather Glenn,	246
Patrick Sheehan,	1	The Shepherd's Farewell, .	249
Rory of the Hills,	5	SIGERSON, H.	
The Irish Peasant Girl, . . .	66	Connor's Revenge,	44
The Shan Van Vocht,	152	The Gardens of Life,	73
KEEGAN, J.		SAVAGE, JOHN.	
Caoch the Piper,	20	At Niagara,	56
The Holly and Ivy Girl, . . .	224	Shaun's Head,	171
KENEALY, WILLIAM.		SEGRAVE MICHAEL.	
The Moon behind the Hill, .	41	The Eviction,	109
LEFANU.		SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY D.	
Shemus O'Brien,	58	The Irish-American,	121
MURRAY, JOHN FISHER.		Fisherman's Prayer,	124
To a Furze Bush,	33	Michael Dwyer,	203
MEAGHER, GENERAL THOMAS		TREACY, ELIZABETH WIL-	
FRANCIS.		LOUGHBY.	
The Young Enthusiast, . . .	97	The Irish Mother's Lament, .	183
M'BURNEY.		VARIAN, RALPH.	
Irish Emigrants, 1776, . . .	94	Repose: Glengariff Bay, . .	150
Arthur M'Coy,	159	Mo Bhuachallín Bán,	157
MANGAN, CLARENCE.		Oscar, the Dog of Shaun	
Owen Reilly: a Keen,	127	Desmond,	163
Love Ballad,	148	He built me a Light Boat, .	177
MARY.		Lower Glanmire,	192
Talk by the Blackwater, . . .	209	The Tagus and the Lee, . . .	197
M'GUINNESS, B.		Sitting by the Hearth,	210
My Old Blind Mare,	206	The Shamrock,	226
O'DOHERTY, MRS.		On the Bay,	233
Our Olden Tongue,	26	Mallow,	242
O'REILLY, PRIVATE MILES.		VARIAN, ISAAC STEPHEN.	
April, 20th, 1864,	17	Music, music, come, oh!	
O'HERLIHY, PATRICK.		come,	98
A Fragment of M'Auliffe's		Land-Law Rhyme,	174
Prophecy,	53	WILDE, LADY.	
ORR, ANDREW.		The Brothers,	83
The Sunny South is glowing, .	175	WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS, LL. D.	
SIGERSON, GEORGE, M. D.		The Spinning Wheel,	108
Irish Lullaby,	13	WALSH, JOHN.	
The Harper of the Glens, . .	36	Drimin Donn Dills,	120
		The Western Winds,	185
		WALSH, EDWARD.	
		The Lullaby,	132
		WILLIAMS, R. D.	
		The Pass of Plumes,	215

POPULAR POETRY

OF

IRELAND.

—◆—

PATRICK SHEEHAN.¹

Street Ballad.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

Air—"Irish Molly, O."

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four ;
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore :
I came of honest parents,
But now they're lying low ;
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died ; I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door ;
The landlord and the sheriff too
Were there the day before !

¹ This we found among the street ballad-slips of Dublin and of Cork. On inquiry, we discovered, that it had been written by Charles J. Kickham, of Mullinahone, Co. Tipperary ; who, on reading the facts as they were recorded in the newspapers of the day, immediately penned them in the above form of a street ballad, which instantly made its way into the hands of those who cater literature for the illiterate in the form of halfpenny ballads, and became at once a favourite with the people.

And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,
I wandered far and near ;
I went then to the poor-house,
For to see my mother dear ;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart ;
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,
With plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground ;
But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know
'Till I joined the English army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the Corporal,
"You lazy Hirish hound ;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call 'to arms' sound ?"
Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days long, long ago ;
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
How dark I thought the night !
O blessed God, it was not dark,
It was the broad daylight !

And when I found that I was *blind*,
My tears began to flow ;
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale ;
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary gaol ;
Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe ;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow !

A poor neglected mendicant,
I wandered through the street ;
My nine months' pension now being out,
I beg from all I meet :
As I joined my country's tyrants,
My face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbours,
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then, Irish youths, dear countrymen,
Take heed of what I say ;
For if you join the English ranks,
You'll surely rue the day ;
And whenever you are tempted
A soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan
Of the Glen of Aherlow.

ST. STEPHEN'S NIGHT.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.¹*Air*—"The Basket of Oysters."

WITHOUT, the wild winds keenly blow
 O'er dreary wastes of wintry snow ;
 Within, the red fire sheds its glow
 Where round and round the dancers go !
 Merrily, merrily round and round,
 Airily, airily round and round,
 To the sweetest music in Ireland's ground,
 The heart's glad laugh and the bagpipe's sound !

What befits Saint Stephen's Night,
 But loving words and glances bright,
 But young and old with main and might
 To dance around in wild delight ?
 Merrily, merrily round and round,
 Airily, airily round and round,
 To the sweetest music in Ireland's ground,
 The heart's glad laugh and the bagpipe's sound.

The wren was hunted all the day
 By the striplings tall and the children gay ;
 Now he's dressed in state on the holly spray,
 And his noisy captors—where are they ?
 Dancing, dancing round and round,
 Airily, airily round and round,
 To the sweetest music in Ireland's ground,
 The heart's glad laugh and the bagpipe's sound.

Maid and matron, son and sire,
 With bounding spirits that cannot tire,

¹ Author of "Ballads, Romances, and Songs," published by James Duffy, Dublin ; a native of the county of Limerick, from Gleann Oisín.

Around the bright Saint Stephen's fire,
 Joke and dance to their hearts' desire,
 Merrily, merrily round and round,
 Airily, airily round and round,
 To the sweetest music in Ireland's ground,
 The heart's glad laugh and the bagpipe's sound.

Round and round so merrily;
 But merrier yet that dance would be,
 If our scattered brothers beyond the sea
 Were home returned, and Ireland free!
 Oh! merrier then we'd dance it round,
 Saint Stephen's Night, around and round,
 To the sweetest music in Ireland's ground,
 The heart's glad laugh and the bagpipe's sound.

RORY OF THE HILLS.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

"THAT rake up near the rafters,
 Why leave it there so long?
 The handle, of the best of ash,
 Is smooth, and straight, and strong;
 And, mother, will you tell me,
 Why did my father frown,
 When, to make the hay in summer-time,
 I climbed to take it down?"
 She looked into her husband's eyes,
 While her own with light did fill:
 "You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up
 The slopes of Sliav-na-man,¹—

¹ Sliav-na mban. Gaelic—*pliaib na mban*.

Whose foot affrights the startled hares
So long before the dawn ?
He stopped just where the Anner's stream
Winds up the woods anear,
Then whistled low, and looked around
To see the coast was clear.
A sheeling door flew open—
In he stepped with right good will—
"God save all here, and bless your work,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
That greeted him, I ween ;
For years gone by he fully proved
How well he loved the Green ;
And there was one amongst them
Who grasped him by the hand—
One who through all that weary time
Roamed on a foreign strand :
He brought them news from gallant friends
That made their heart-strings thrill ;
"My soul ! I never doubted them !"
Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
Till dawning of the day,
And yet not song nor shout I heard—
No revellers were they :
Some brows flushed red with gladness,
While some were grimly pale ;
But, pale or red, from out those eyes
Flashed souls that never quail !
"And sing us now about the vow
They swore for to fulfil"—
"Ye'll read it yet in History,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle

He took down from where it hung ;

The toothed rake, full scornfully,

Into the fire he flung,

And in its stead a shining blade

Is gleaming once again ;

(Oh ! for a hundred thousand of

Such weapons and such men !)

Right soldierly he wielded it,

And—going through his drill—

“ Attention ” — “ charge ” — “ front, point ” — “ ad-
[vance ! ”

Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride,

With pride and woman's fears ;

She flew to him, she clung to him,

And dried away her tears ;

He feels her pulse beat truly,

While her arms round him twine—

“ Now God be praised for your stout heart,

Brave little wife of mine.”

He swung his first-born in the air,

While joy his heart did fill—

“ You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy ! ”

Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh ! knowledge is a wondrous power,

And stronger than the wind ;

And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,

Before the might of mind :

The poet and the orator

The heart of man can sway,

And would to the kind heavens

That Wolfe Tone were here to-day !

Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength,

Her truest strength, is still

The rough-and-ready roving boys,

Like Rory of the Hill.

DIRGE FOR DEVIN REILLY.¹JOSEPH BRENNAN.²

["A few days before Devin died," says a friend, "he expressed a wish to be buried on the slope of a green hill, where his feet could feel the dew, and his eyes look up to the stars."]

Thomas Davis expressed a similar wish, and it was very characteristic of the two men; for they had a loving sympathy with all the beautiful things of earth, and a brave upward look for everything grand and worship-worthy in God's universe. That wish has suggested the refrain of the following lines.]

"WHEN the day has come, darling, that your darling
must go

From the scene of his struggles, of his pride and his
woe,—

Lay him on the hill-side with his feet to the dew,
Where the soul of the verdure is faintly stealing
through;

On the slope of a hill with his face to the light,
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night!
For the grand old mother Nature is mightier than
death,

The subtle Irish soul of which the beautiful is breath;
Which nestles and dreams in the solemn-sounding
trees,

And flings out its locks to the rapture of the breeze,—
And 'twill crave for God's wonders, from the daisy star
close by,

To the golden scroll which sparkles with his scripture
in the sky."

God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the place of your choice,
Where the blessed dew is falling and the flowers have
a voice;

¹ From the "New York Citizen," July 1, 1854.

² Born in Cork; was in the dawn of his manhood in 'Forty-eight, when the inspiration of the Irish national movement absorbed his powers. He subsequently settled in the United States, where he became Editor of the "New Orleans Delta," and married a sister of the Irish refugee, and brother poet, John Savage. Died about six years since, 1859.

Where the conscious trees are bending in homage to
the dead,
And the earth is swelling upward, like a pillow for
your head !
And his rest will be with you ; for the lonely seeming
grave,
Though a dungeon to the coward, is a palace to the
brave,—
Though a black Inferno circle, where the recreant are
bound,
Is a brave Valhalla pleasure-dome where heroes are
crowned ;
Oh ! God's rest will be with you in the congress of the
great,
Who are purified by sorrow, and are victors over
Fate ;
Oh ! God's rest will be with you in the corridors of
fame,
Which was jubilant with welcome when Death named
your name.

Way 'mongst the heroes for another hero soul !
Room for a spirit which has struggled to its goal !
Rise, for in life he was faithful to his faith,
And entered without stain 'neath the portico of
death ;
And his fearless deeds around, like attendant angels,
stand,
Claiming recognition from the noble and the grand ;
Claiming to his meed, who, from fresh and bounding
youth
To the days of manly trial, was truthful to the
truth,
The welcome of the hero, whose foot would not give
way
Till his trenchant sword was shivered in the fury of
the fray ;

And brave will be that welcome, if the demi-gods above
Can love with a tithe of our humble mortal love!

“Lay me on a hill-side with my feet to the dew,
Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing
through;
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night!”
Would it were a hill-side in the land of the Gael,
Where dew falls like tear-drops, and the wind is a
wail;
Where the winged superstitions are gleaming through
the gloom,
Like a host of frightened Fairies, to beautify the tomb—
On the slope of a hill with your face to the sky,
Which clasped you like a blessing in the days gone by,
When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of the
night,
And the reaches of the Future throbbed with constel-
lated light.

Have you seen the mighty tempest, in its war-cloak
of cloud,
When it stalks thro' the midnight, so defiant and
proud;
When 'tis shouldering the ocean, 'till the crouching
waters fly
From the thunder of its voice and the lightning of its
eye;
And the waves, in timid multitudes, are rushing to the
strand,
In a vain appeal for succour from the buffets of its
hand?
'Then you saw the soul of Reilly, when, abroad in its
might,
It dashed aside, with loathing, all the creatures of the
night;

"Till the plumed hosts were humbled, and their crests,
white no more,
Were soiled with the sand, and strewn upon the shore ;
For the volumed swell of thunder was concentrated in
his form,
And his tread was a conquest, and his blow was like a
storm.

Have you seen a weary tempest, when a harbour is near,
And its giant breast is heaving from the speed of its
career ;
How it puts off its terrors, and is timorous and weak,
As it stoops upon the waters, with its cheek to their
cheek ;
As it broods like a lover over all the quiet place,
Till the dimpling smiles of pleasure are eddying in its
trace ?
Then you saw the soul of Reilly, when, ceasing to roam,
It flung away the clouds, and nestled to its home ;
When the heave and swell were ended, and the spirit
was at rest,
And gentle thoughts, like white-winged birds, were
dreaming on its breast ;
And the tremulous sheets of sunset around its couch
were rolled,
In voluptuous festooning of purple lined with gold.

Oh ! sorrow on the day when our young apostle died,
When the lonely grave was opened for our darling and
our pride ;
When the passion of a people was following the dead,
Like a solitary mourner, with a bowed uncovered
head ;
When a Nation's aspirations were stooping o'er the
dust ;
When the golden bowl was broken, and the trenchant
sword was rust ;

When the brave tempestuous spirit with an upward
wing had passed,
And the love of the wife was a widow's love at last.
Oh! God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the shadow of that
love,
And God bless you with his bliss in the pleasure-dome
above,
Where the Heroes are assembled, and the very angels
bow
To the glory of Eternity which glimmers on each
brow.

“ Lay me on a hill-side with my feet to the dew,
Where the life of the verdure is softly stealing through;
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light,
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night !”
Would it were a hill-side in the land of the Gael,
Where the dew falls like tear-drops, and the wind is a
wail ;
Where the winged superstitions are gleaming through
the gloom,
Like a host of frightened Fairies to beautify the tomb—
On the slope of a hill with your face to the sky,
Which clasped you like a blessing in the days gone by,
When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of the
night,
And the reaches of the future throbbed with constel-
lated light.

IRISH LULLABY.¹*From the Irish.*GEORGE SIGERSON, TRANSLATOR.²

I'LL put you myself, my baby ! to slumber,
 Not as is done by the clownish number—
 A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
 But in golden cradle that's softly swinging
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

I'll put you myself, my baby ! to slumber
 On sunniest day of the pleasant summer ;
 Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
 'Neath murmuring boughs that the winds are swaying
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

¹ The Irish is extracted from the "Ancient Music of Ireland," vol. i. In reference to the air of the above song Dr. Petrie writes :—"I have already directed attention to the striking affinity observable between them (the lullabies) and the Eastern melodies of the same class ; and I would apply the remarks then made to the beautiful nurse-tune which I am now about to present, and which I think bears equally the stamp of a remote antiquity. I would, moreover, add, that such affinity with Eastern melody is not confined to the nurse-tunes of Ireland, but that it will be no less found in the ancient funeral *caoineas* as well as in the ploughman's tunes, and other airs of occupation—airs, simple indeed in construction, but always touching in expression ; and I cannot but consider it as an evidence of the early antiquity of such melodies in Ireland, and as an ethnological fact of much historic interest, and not hitherto sufficiently attended to."—*Ancient Music of Ireland*, vol. i.

² Born at Holy Hill, Strabane, Tyrone ; author of "Poetry of Munster," Second Series—a volume of translations from the Irish, published by John O'Daly, Dublin.

Slumber, my babe ! may the sweet sleep woo you,
 And from your slumbers may health come to you !
 May all diseases now flee and fear you ;
 May sickness and sorrow never come near you !

To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

Slumber, my babe ! may the sweet sleep woo you,
 And from your slumbers may health come to you !
 May bright dreams come, and come no other,
 And I be never a childless mother.

To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

THE VIGIL OF THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

[Written some twenty-four years ago by an intimate friend of
 THOMAS DAVIS, and one of the earliest writers in the cause of an un-
 compromising nationality.]

'Tis a glorious moonlight night,
 Thought the Shan van Vocht ;
 'Tis a glorious moonlight night,
 Said the Shan van Vocht :
 So 'twere best to take a stroll,
 Where the foaming billows roll
 In soft murmurs to my soul,
 Said the Shan van Vocht.

So she went down to the shore,
 Did the Shan van Vocht,
 And she heard the billows roar,
 Did the Shan van Vocht

And she thought upon the time,
When in youth's so glorious prime,
All nature seemed sublime
 To the Shan van Vocht.

Oh ! who was once so fair
 As the Shan van Vocht ?
So blithe and free from care
 As the Shan van Vocht ?
How glorious was her youth !
How grand her love and truth !
The bitterer now the ruth
 Of the Shan van Vocht !

Oh ! fearful grew the form
 Of the Shan van Vocht !
Like a transfigured storm
 Stood the Shan van Vocht
While the intermingled tide
Of agony and pride,
With pangs intensified,
 Thrilled the Shan van Vocht !

For like a tongue of flame
 To the Shan van Vocht,
Was the vision of her shame
 To the Shan van Vocht !
Like a fierce avenging flame,
Embracing all her frame,
Was the vision of her shame
 To the Shan van Vocht !

The sad sea carolled wild
 To the Shan van Vocht !
And the west wind breathed all mild
 On the Shan van Vocht !

The waves they sang their psalm,
The west wind brought its balm ;
But nought the grief could calm
Of the Shan van Vocht !

And thus the live long night
Grieved the Shan van Vocht,
While moon and sea shone bright
On the Shan van Vocht ;
Till at length, at break of day,
She knelt her down to pray,
Then homeward took her way,
Did the Shan van Vocht.

What thoughts the dawn awoke
In the Shan van Vocht,
As the sunrise slowly broke
On the Shan van Vocht ;
Whether terror and despair
Fled from the morning air,
And hope was new-born there
For the Shan van Vocht,—

None know. Still sad and dumb
Is the Shan van Vocht,
But 'tis thought a time will come
When the Shan van Vocht,
New ramparted with truth,
New glorified with youth,
No more can be, in sooth,
Called the Shan van Vocht !

APRIL 20, 1864.

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.¹

THREE years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven ;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
And we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword !
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless Heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred marched to-day !
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay ;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven.

¹ Lieut. Col. C. G. Halpine, of the famous Irish-American "69th" Regiment—a native of Dublin.

There were two limped in on crutches,
 And two had each but a hand
 To pour the wine and raise the cup,
 As we toasted "Our flag and land."

And the room seemed filled with whispers
 As we looked at the vacant seats,
 And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
 The rich but untasted meats;
 Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
 As we rose up—just eleven,
 And bowed as we drank to the loved and the
 dead
 Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN!



TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.

STREET BALLAD.

Air—"The Dandy O!"

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys,
 The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys;
 If they offer a glass, we'll wink as we pass—
 We're ould birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys,
 Although we're "cross and contrairy," boys,
 The never a one will handle a gun,
 Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,
 In the days of our famine and fear, my boys:
 He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked,
 Ould Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys,
Or a glass of drugged whiskey to taste, my boys;
If to India you'll go, 'tis to grief and to woe,
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys;
His army is getting so thin, my boys,
With the fever and ague, the sword and the
 plague,
Oh! the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the robbing ould schemer, boys,
Tho' he says that he's richer than Damer, boys;
Tho' he bully and roar, his power is o'er,
And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys.

Now isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?
But we'll cock each caubeen when his sergeants
 are seen,
And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys!
Altho' we're "cross and contrary," boys,
The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

CAOCH¹ THE PIPER.J. KEEGAN.²

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,
 When I was a little fellow,
 A piper wandered to our door,
 Grey-headed, blind, and yellow :
 And, oh ! how glad was my young heart,
 Though earth and sky looked dreary,
 To see the stranger and his dog—
 Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
 Crossed-barred with green and yellow,
 I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground
 There's not so fine a fellow."
 And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,
 And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 Rushed in, with panting haste, to "see"
 And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh ! God be with those happy times !
 Oh ! God be with my childhood !
 When I, bare-headed, roamed all day—
 Bird-nesting in the wild-wood.
 I'll not forget those sunny hours,
 However years may vary ;
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch, and "Pinch," slept well that night,
 And in the morning early
 He called me up to hear him play
 "The wind that shakes the barley ;"

¹ Pronounced Kay-uch, meaning "The Blind."

² Born of humble parents, in the Queen's County, in a village by the Nore ; died in 1849, about forty years of age.

And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried, "God mark my deary!"
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although we thought him dead and gone,
And in the cold grave rotten;
And often, when I walked and talked
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
"Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay--Time is even blending
The colours on his thread-bare "bag"—
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
"Far, far be hell's black viper;
Does any body hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?"

With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
 The old man murmured, " Deary,
 Are you the silky-headed chile
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ?"

" Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking—
 " And where, *a vic machree*,"¹ he sobbed,
 " Is all the merrimaking
 I found here twenty years ago ?"
 " My tale," I sighed, " might weary ;
 Enough to say—there's none but me
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

" Vo, vo, vo !" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 " Pray let me in, *astore machree*,"²
 And I'll go home to-morrow.
 My 'peace is made ;' I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary ;
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With " Pinch " I watched his bed that night ;
 Next day his wish was granted :
 He died ; and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
 The neighbours came ; we dug his grave
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
 God rest you ! Caoch O'Leary.

¹ Son of my heart. Gaelic—*A mhic mo éiríde*.

² *A ptoir mo éiríde*.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

A STREET BALLAD. 1798.¹*Air*—"The Wearing of the Green."

I'm a lad that's forced an exile
 From my own native land;
 For an oath that's passed against me
 In this country I can't stand:
 But while I'm at my liberty
 I will make my escape;
 I'm a poor distressed Croppy
 For the Green on my cape!
 For the Green on my cape!
 For the Green on my cape!
 I'm distressed, but not dishearten'd,
 For the Green on my cape!

But I'll go down to Belfast,
 To see that seaport gay,
 And tell my aged parents
 In this country I can't stay:
 O 'tis dark will be their sorrow,
 But no truer hearts I've seen;
 And they'd rather see me dying
 Than a traitor to the Green!
 Oh, the wearing the Green!
 Oh, the wearing the Green!
 May the curse of Cromwell darken
 Each traitor to the Green!

* * * *

¹ The copy we print from comes to us from the county which held out longest against English invasion—Tyrone; and from one of its towns, Dungannon, which was well known to the Volunteers.

When I went down to Belfast,
 And saw that seaport grand,
 My aged parents blessed me,
 And blessed poor Ireland.
 Then I went unto a captain,
 And bargained with him cheap;
 He told me that his whole ship's crew
 Wore Green on the cape!
 Oh, the Green on the cape!
 Oh, the Green on the cape!
 God's blessing guard the noble boys
 With Green on the cape!

'Twas early the next morning
 Our gallant ship set sail,
 Kind Heaven did protect her,
 With a pleasant Irish gale.
 We landed safe in Paris,
 Where victualling was cheap—
 They knew we were United,
 We wore Green on the cape!
 We wore Green on the cape!
 We wore Green on the cape!
 They treated us like brothers
 For the Green on the cape!

Then forward stepped young Boney,
 And took me by the hand,
 Saying, "How is old Ireland,
 And how does she stand?"¹
 "It's as poor, distressed a nation
 As ever you have seen,

¹ One of the French Generals who was standing by when, a few years since, a sword was being presented from the Irish people to Marshal M'Mahon, suddenly turned to John Mitchell, one of the deputation, and addressed him in the very words of this 'ninety-eight ballad—"How is old Ireland, and how does she stand?"

They are hanging men and women
For the wearing of the Green !
For the wearing the Green !
For the wearing the Green !
They are hanging men, and women too,
For wearing of the Green !”

“ Take courage now, my brave boys,
For here you have good frien's,
And we'll send a convoy with you,
Down by their Orange dens ;
And if they should oppose us,
With our weapons sharp and keen
We'll make them rue and curse the day
That e'er they saw the Green !
That e'er they saw the Green !
That e'er they saw the Green !
We'll show them our authority
For wearing of the Green !”

Oh, may the wind of Freedom
Soon send young Boney o'er,
And we'll plant the Tree of Liberty
Upon our Shamrock shore ;
Oh, we'll plant it with our weapons,
While the English tyrants gape
To see their bloody flag torn down
To Green on the cape !
Oh, the wearing the Green !
Oh, the wearing the Green !
God grant us soon to see that day,
And freely wear the Green !

OUR OLDEN TONGUE.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.¹

FROM dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
 Where clouds and shadows loom,
 Deep in the silence of the tall grey mountain's
 Primeval gloom,
 Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding,
 O ancient tongue !
 With love, and tears, and laughter softly sounding,
 As wild bird's liquid song.

From winds and waters in their choral mingling,
 Thy honied words were born ;
 From that strong pulse through Nature's bosom tingling,
 In Earth's first morn.
 The quivering boughs in forests green and olden,
 With murmurs low,
 Rang out such accents beautiful and golden,
 Beneath the dawn's white glow.

Around, in mighty characters unfolded,
 The fame we yet discern ;
 The ivied shrine in grace and grandeur moulded,
 The *cromlec* stern ;
 The tall slim tower, of aspect weird and hoary,
 With dream and *rann*,
 Full-crested in its lone and silent glory,
 Fronting the naked sun !

Thou bring'st bright visions : bardic strains enchanting,
 Attuned in lordly halls ;
 The clash of spears ; the banners gaily planting
 On palace walls ;

¹ Formerly Miss Mary Eva Kelly.

White-bearded sages ; warrior chiefs victorious—
A goodly throng !
In panoramic pomp of ages glorious,
Before us pass along.

O'er wide blue plains we see the red deer bounding,
In flickering shade and sun ;
And on his track, with deep-toned bay resounding,
The wolf-hound dun—
Old mountains dim, dark forest, rock and river.
Those days are o'er ;
But shades and echoes people ye for ever,
And shall till time is o'er.

Oh ! tongue of all our greatness—all our sorrow,
Shalt thou then fail and fade,
And leave the full hearts mute that ne'er can borrow
From stranger aid
Fit utterance for those thoughts whose stormy clangour
Swells deep within—
The memories of our love, and hate, and anger,
Which nought from us can win ?

Not so : thou hast not stemmed the floods of ages,
Nor braved a conqueror's sway ;
Thou hast not writ upon the world's wide pages
To pass away.
Deep, deep, thy root where never human power
May reach to spoil ;
And soon in wealth of vernal leaf and flower,
Thou'lt deck this olden soil !

DEAR CARRIGALINE.¹MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.²

DEAR Carrigaline! with what rapture I've trod,
 In the bright days of childhood, thy emerald sod,
 Or, wearied with play, have reposed in the shade
 Which the hawthorn and beech by thy clear water made,
 While joy on my soul seemed as calmly to shine
 As the sun on thy waters, loved Carrigaline!

And later, in boyhood, when passion's young thrill
 Made thy soft looks of loveliness lovelier still,
 How oft by the margin of shady Coolmore
 I've whispered fond vows of idolatry o'er, [mine,
 While the hand of the loved-one, clasped warmly in
 Made thy shores seem an Eden, dear Carrigaline!

Now years have passed over, and loved ones are lost,
 And o'er life's calm waters the tempest hath crossed;
 And I visit thy shores after dark days of ill,
 And I find them all peaceful and beautiful still;
 Ah! I would that life's wave could flow tranquil as thine,
 When the storm has passed o'er it, loved Carrigaline!

But that wave looks dreariest after the storm,
 When the wrecks of young hope its dark bosom deform:
 And the heart, like a lone bark, floats mournfully on,
 While the comrades it sailed with are shattered and
 gone;
 Yet even in my sorrow 'tis sweet to recline
 Once more on thy green sward, loved Carrigaline!

¹ The same river which flows into the Lee, near the entrance to Cork Harbour, and which Mr. Denny Lane has celebrated as "The Owanabwee," its Celtic name, in his sweet ballad, "Lament of the Irish Maiden," given in C. G. Duffy's *Collection of Ballads*.

² Author of several national songs, "Essay on Repeal," &c.

Still calm be thy water, and bright be thy shore,
And young hearts be blessed there as mine was of yore ;
For surely, if Nature has painted a scene
Where the dream of existence may still be serene,
And joy on the soul may unfadingly shine,
That scene is thy margin, dear Carrigaline !

FLORENCE, MY CHILD.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

I.

THE little footsteps pattering near,
The little treble voice,
Strike to my soul a sense of fear,
When I would fain rejoice.

The pretty smile—the ringing laugh—
The peachy cheek to mine ;
The lips whose little kiss I quaff
More eagerly than wine ;

The childish griefs which quickly crowd
Behind some wilful deed—
The shadows of a summer cloud
Upon a summer mead ;

The wayward ways—the baby talk—
The sudden searching glance ;
The gallant strivings made to walk,
And checked by every chance ;

All bring a sense of grief and joy,
Of blessing and of ban,
Because I see myself a boy,
And what I am, a man.

Wide are the future's gates unrolled,
And visions sad and proud
Come forth—some clad in robes of gold,
Some shrouded with a shroud.

A host of hopes come forth with them,
And then a host of fears ;
For, tho' I see the diadem,
I see the victor's tears.

And when the night begins to fall,
I muse, with brain o'erwrought,
Until the shadows on the wall
Seem mockeries of thought.

II.

In those dark eyes a genius lies,
A Glory and a Might ;
As sleeps within the evening skies
The coming morning's light.

I recognize the power sublime—
The synonym of fame—
Which on the granite walls of Time
Cuts deep a deathless name.

I note the glorious strength concealed,
Which signalizes life,
The will to clutch and skill to wield
A weapon in the strife.

Those little hands, like lily leaves,
Are white and frail to view ;
But, oh ! what work a hand achieves,
If but the heart be true !

May not its wondrous labour fill
The temple and the mart
With symbols of its thought and skill,
And miracles of art ?

My child, that forehead pale and wide
Contains a busy brain ;
Oh ! may it know the thinker's pride,
But not the thinker's pain !

III.

Red blood is in thy veins, my child—
The blood of Desmond's race,
Which comes thro' ages undefiled
To tingle in thy face ;

The blood which never could endure
To give or take a wrong ;
Which paled with pity to the poor,
And flushed against the strong.

What use ? The bounding blood of yore
Which thrilled the true and bold,
Is puddle now ; for every door
Is barred with bars of gold.

The clinking of the silver dimes
Life's melody has marred ;
And Nature's immemorial chimes
Are jangled, false, and jarred.

The grandeur of the Grecian past
No more for earth remains ;
Athené's laurel withers fast
Before the " digger's " gains.

In bitter jest they call us Greeks,
And yet they touch the truth ;
For we can speak the word which speaks
Of Nature's honest youth.

The word of light, the word of power,
The word of simple faith,
Which shines beyond the fleeting hour,
And triumphs over death.

IV.

But see, the night begins to fall ;
My brain is overwrought ;
Those witch-like shadows on the wall
Seem mockeries of thought.

Must thou, my child, must thou go forth
To swell the city drove,
And pawn for gold or money's worth
The beauty of thy love ?

Must thou, too, shrink with timid hate,
As mother and as wife,
From him, thy church-appointed mate,
Who'll give thy children life ?

Sooner the shaft of death may glide
Amid our transports wild,
And strike thee, not as blighted bride,
But as a happy child !

Sooner my heart should break to-night
In this dim, solemn room,
And grieve for all thy wasted light
Within its silent tomb !

The little faltering footsteps near,
 The little treble voice,
 Strike to my soul a sense of fear
 When I would fain rejoice.

TO A FURZE BUSH.

JOHN FISHER MURRAY ¹

THE delight
 Of summer morn, and mellow-breathing night
 Of June,
 Be flowers of southern climes. *Thou* pourest forth
 Thy tropic odours to the inclement North,
 And late and soon
 Thy verdant altar garlanded appears,
 Perennial blooming through th' eternal years !

On the waste
 And desolate hill-side is thy dwelling placed ;
 There dost thou grow
 A beauty and a blessing ; round thee hum
 The wilding bees ; the flute-voiced linnets come
 There to bestow
 Their grateful song on thee, whose guarded breast
 Bravely defends their callow fledglings' nest !

Not thy bloom
 Delights me only—not thy rich perfume ;
 I love thee more
 For thy unchanging verdurous constancy
 That great oaks want, and many a summer tree
 When summer's o'er.

¹ Author of the "Lines to the Memory of Thomas Davis," prefixed to the volume of Davis' poems ; of the ballad, "Dark Margaret" (Hayes' Collection) ; and the "Lost Wife" (Duffy's) : a native of Belfast.

So deep a shade, such floods of blossoming light—
Thou art at once bright noon and mirk midnight!

Why, Goldsmith, why
Dost stigmatize in unforgotten lay
"The blossomed furze, *unprofitably* gay?"
Well dost thou know
How profitable beauty is, how bright
The innocent blossom, gladdening our sight
With sun-lit glow.
Dear native Bard, and memorable long,
While there is faith in nature, and in song!

No marvel he,¹
Nature's interpreter, beholding thee,
With reverence knelt
Before thy incense-bearing altar, there
Adoring HIM who made a thing so fair
As to be felt
By one who SCANIA'S bloomless hill-sides trod,
Th' oppressive beauty of the present God!

Robust and free,
As best befits the moorland-nurtured child;
Yet pining not in sheltering clime and mild,
If destiny
Hath in the pleasant places cast thy lines;
So the brave soul in every aspect shines,
And blooms as sure
In valley warm and rich, on hill-side cold and poor.

See, it erests
The rifted rocks, and climbs their shaggy breasts,
Like childhood clambering up the knees of age.
The cold grey stone,

¹ Linnæus, who, coming to these countries, and beholding furze for the first time, knelt before it.

With cloth of gold skirting its coat of frieze,
Dazzles our eyes.
Is it not strange such beauty and such bloom
Out of the heart of cold grey stone could come ?

Dim are mine eyes !
Tear-bringing fancies, home-bred memories,
Rise, every one,
As from the grave, when I behold thy flowers ;
Then I remember me of boyish hours,
And play-mates gone ;
Through the long waste of years again I hear
Far up the furzy field their voices loud and clear.

Ever it clings
Around my heart in joy and sorrow too,
Desire of home, fountain of good and true—
The last abiding joy of all I ever knew.
Dear native shades, and simple people there,
Whose free hearts share
The plenteous board the liberal hand affords,
And welcomings that have no need of words.

Beloved spot !
Dwell in my heart, an Eden unforgot.
In thee were seen
Flowers ever fair, and pastures ever green ;
A world to me wert thou the world hath never been,
Never can be.
There comely maids, there decent matrons came,
And generous youths unknown to vulgar fame.

I would that one,
For charity, when that my days are done,
Thy seeds might scatter o'er this mouldering breast,
Lending a lustre to my place of rest.

So shall these bones, when life's poor play is o'er,
Borrow in death a grace unknown before ;
 " And like the actions of the just,
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

THE HARPER OF THE GLENNS.

I.

'Tis dawn!—Lo, Morn unfurls her radiant Flag of Gold,
And lights her ruddy camp-fires on eastern peak
 and hill ;
Swift flieth dusky Night adown the brightening wold,
Her banners, lurking gloomily by glenn and wooded
 rill,
Morn's dazzling hosts pursue—their myriad darts flash
 bright,
And lodge in bough and brake till, by each tree,
 there lies
A Shadow dark—a stricken champion of the Night !
 Till the trembling zephyrs pour
 A libation to the skies,
From the lily's ivory chalice to the conqueror—light-
 giver !
 And the Hymns of Triumph soar
 From shrill leaf and lark—yet more
From the Harp of the Green Glenn River !

II.

In the days of Long Ago, on many a morn as bland,
O sweet Harper ! O consoler ! my cherished lonely
 Love !
We have wandered both together, like twin brothers
 hand in hand,

Amid the woodlands green and the calm blue peaks
 above,
 Amid yon mountains grand where slumbers Solitude,
 Where's heard no music-singer save the homeward
 humming bee,
 Where the fairies wake the clear-resounding quietude
 With the chime of heather bells
 By the Loch's deep azure sea.
 Oh, 'tis surely thus they've taught thee with sweet lays
 to trance me ever;
 For thy magic-music swells
 'Mid the green and purple dells,
 Like a grand thought, my own Glenn River.

III.

• • • • • •
 What pleasure thence to bound o'er the lichen'd crags
 so grey,
 Down unto children's voices and the glenn of starry
 flowers—
 To linger where 'mid yellow gorse the fairies' red bells
 sway
 Nigh the Iris' flaring beacons and sword-leaf
 guarded bowers!
 It was solemn 'neath the grand green wood!—within
 its twilight gloom
 Lay golden sheaves of sunshine upon the mossy
 lawn,
 And the incense from the flow'rs with most odorous
 perfume
 Filled the lofty, pillared Dome.
 High between the dim leaves shone
 The pure sky, in blue-eyed stars, smiling calm and
 thoughtful ever;
 There the sweet thrush makes his home,
 And the cushats never roam
 From the banks of the Green Glenn River.

IV.

O sweet Harper ! gentle Harper ! 'tis many a lay to
me
Thou hast sung within that leafy dome till joy in
words brimmed o'er ;
And, when grief would press too hardly on my child's
heart, I would flee
To thy soft and holy minstrelsy, and peace would
come once more.
As I launched the tiny Iris-boat, with freights of
daisies gay,
Each sailing swiftly down the stream bore off a sor-
row too ;
Ah me, some griefs have lowered, more slow to pass
away,
 Since I lingered on thy strand ;
 But the loving thoughts that grew
And the trust in coming freedom from my soul no
grief can sever ;
 Oh, they yet as firmly stand
 As when vowed to Fatherland,
Lowly kneeling on thy banks, Glenn River !

V.

Ere the stream forsakes the wood, a thorn-bough
droops across,
White and fragrant in the Spring, crimson 'mid the
Autumn time ;
And a stately ash keeps ward o'er my throne—a rock
of moss ;
Leaf-hidden there, but hearing the white cascade's
low rhyme,
Where the broom's bright pendants yearn to the mir-
roring stream below,
Like swarms of golden bees each with yellow wings
outspread,

I have gazed adown that stream to the sunset's gorgeous glow
 Through the many-columned aisle,
 Draped in purple, green and red,
 Till my spirit trod that brilliant path to Him, the glorious Giver!
 And I longed to rest the while
 From the earthly and the vile,
 In a bank of the green Glenn River!

VI.

Thus I've sighed in Springs long past; thus while woods became the heirs
 Of the hues of Summer-sunsets, and each surge of air that broke
 Against its forest-shore back some crimson leaflet bears;
 Till once, 'mid gloom of storms saffron-clad, The Harper woke
 His chords to grander numbers, and my soul to greater thought.
 "Sun-ward, free, undaunted ever!" hymned the mighty mountain-lyre;
 And a grave in Freedom's battle-field--Life's dim fight nobly fought,
 Beam thro' all the grief and gloom,
 Though more rugged paths, yet nigher
 To the brighter "Land of Youth,"--to the Radiance lasting ever,
 Than a quiet, painless tomb
 'Neath the green and golden broom
 On the banks of the lone Glenn River!

DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE.

A. D. 1642.

AUBREY DE VERE.¹

UP the sea-saddened valley at evening's decline,
 A heifer walks lowing—"the silk of the kine ;"²
 From the deep to the mountains she roams, and again
 From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed
 main.

What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not
 thine!

He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
 'Twas a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
 Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and
 mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st
 him not knowing

Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad
 lowing!

Thy gold horn is theirs; thy dark eye and thy silk,
 And that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk!

'Twas no dream, Mother Land! 'Twas no dream,
 Innisfail!

Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the
 Gael!

From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore,
 Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—O'More!

¹ Of Curragh Chase, Adare, county of Limerick; author of some prose works, several volumes of classical and devotional poetry of high repute, and more recently of an excellent volume of poems illustrative of Irish history and character. Genius seems hereditary in his family, as his father, Sir S. de Vere, acquired a distinguished name in the world of letters.

² One of the mystical names of Ireland.

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

THE KILKENNY EXILE'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

WILLIAM KENEALY.¹

[We were not a little amused lately to find the following, with music, in the Songs of the "Christy Minstrels," picked up probably from some of the American newspapers, where it had been floating about like a walf some years anonymously.]

I WATCHED last night the rising moon
Upon a foreign strand,
Till memories came, like flowers of June,
Of home and fatherland ;
I dreamt I was a child once more,
Beside the rippling rill,
Where first I saw, in days of yore,
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand
That purpled boyhood's dreams ;
Its youthful loves, its happy land,
As bright as morning's beams.
It brought me back my own sweet Nore,
The Castle and the Mill,
Until my eyes could see no more
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
Until, in accents wild,
I pray'd her, from her home above,
To guard her lonely child ;
It brought me *one* across the wave,
To live in memory still—
It brought me back my Kathleen's grave,
The moon behind the hill.

¹ Editor of "The Kilkenny Journal."

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

A. D. 1798.

ANONYMOUS (LEO).

"OH, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush! *ma bouchal*, hush, and listen;"
And his cheeks were all a-glow:
"I bear ordhers from the Captain—
Get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together
At the risin' of the Moon."

"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Where the gath'rin' is to be?"
"In the ould spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token,
Whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
By the risin' of the Moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching thro' that night;
Many a manly chest was throbbing
For the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valleys,
Like the *banshee's* lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing
At the risin' of the Moon.

There, beside the singing river,
That dark mass of men were seen—
Far above the shining weapons
Hung their own beloved "Green."

“ Death to ev’ry foe and traitor !
Forward ! strike the marchin’ tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom !
’Tis the risin’ of the Moon.”

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate ;
(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow
Fills the name of ’Ninety-Eight).
Yet, thank God, e’en still are beating
Hearts in manhood’s burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the risin’ of the Moon !

LIFE’S WRECK.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.¹

Down in the Ocean of the years my ship and freight
have gone,
And the waves of Time o’er the perished wreck keep
slowly surging on ;
To-day on the shores of this Western land that wave
brings back to me
A Shamrock green, and in its sheen my lost Argosy.

I place the leaves above my heart as a wondrous
talisman,
And they bear me back to better time, ere the exile’s
lot began.
When the will was strong and the purpose proud, and
the young heart only knew
An earnest faith, and a fiery throb, and a trusting love
and true.

¹ Author of “The Brigade at Fontenoy ;” now resident of California, -
U. S.

Hence, hence with every vain desire, with selfishness
and pride,
And be this day, on life's rude way, beloved and
sanctified;
And from the Irish Exile's heart, with many a cloud
o'ercast,
Let Love and Faith and Hope arise as incense to the
past.

CONNOR'S REVENGE.

H. SIGERSON.

I.

UP in the morning early
Rose young Connor to his work,
To his daily toil for Agent Lee,
On the lands of Glenatorc;¹
The morn was bright in bars of gold
Across his cottage floor,
And rosily the sun shone in
When he unlatched the door.

And from the wood and heathy hill
The gladd'ning airs came in,
Like the coming of his own true love,
His darling Kathaleen:
'Tis often she was in his thoughts,
Through morn, and night, and noon,
For "Connor Og"² was deep in love,
As you will know full soon.

Beside the door awhile he stood,
And thought upon his dear,
While gazing on the rosy sky,
That morning bright and clear;

¹ Gleann an Toirc—Glen of the Boar.

² "Connor Og," i. e. Young Connor.

'Twas—"Oh!" he sighed, "I wish—I wish
She were this day my bride;"
But then he heard his mother moan,
Lonely and sick inside.

And to her darken'd room he went,
From his dreams in the dawning bright,
And gently asked her how she was,
And how she'd spent the night?
For, ah! he was a kind young lad,
His mother's only son;
And a clever, stately, handsome lad,
As ever sun shone on!

He lit the fagots, piled the turf,
With kind and ready art;
While silently the mother blessed
The darling of her heart:—
"There, go, *astor*! your master's hard,
And the day is getting late."
"But I must to the well, mother,"
He said—and thought of Kate.

And so with pitchers twain went he,
Soft whistling in tune,
As through the dewy fields he trod,
The air of Paistin Fionn:¹
And who but she, his fair Paistin,
Was waiting by the well?
It made his heart beat quick with joy
He would not dare to tell.

¹ Paistin Fionn, pronounced in Munster "*Paushteen Fiune*," signifies a "a fair little child," and is used as a term of endearment to fair young women.

For though she brought her pitcher there,
 And loitered in the sun,
 Her mother had "three cows," *mórrone*!¹
 His mother had not one;
 Yet often by the well at morn,
 Or dusky evening late,
 There came to tease his very heart
 The roguish eyes of Kate!

And who could blame her love or his?
 They both were fond and fair,
 And, if *the cows* would but agree,
 Were suited to a hair.
 No scene of fawning love could paint
 Their modest, sly advances;
 Besides, it had not come to words,
 And who could write the glances?

'Twas but—"A blithe good morrow, Conn,
 And how is your poor mother?"
 And while they praised the morning bright,
 They smiled upon each other.
 Now round her he must fold the cloak,
 That slipped by some strange miss;
 And though "it had not come to words,"
 He finished with a kiss!

"Now, Conn, behave! you'd better go—
 At work you'll sure be late."
 "*As truagh!*"² but I'll be home with you;
 One moment—do but wait."
 She would not wait, yet did not go,
 But with a busy look
 She stood, and bound her tresses fair
 Beside the rippling brook!

¹ Mo bpon.² What sorrow!

II.

The bird that flies to guard her young
Could not more eager prove
Than Connor, when he hurried back
Upon the wings of love ;
With glowing cheek, and beaming eyes,
He hastened to her side,
Yet strove, in laugh and jesting words,
His panting haste to hide.

Through wild borheen,¹ by Kyle's green wood,
To where the roses grew,
They loitered on in playful mood,
Till near her gate they drew ;
And there awhile they parting stood,
As lovers will delay,
Until they heard a horse's hoofs
Come patt'ring down the way.

'Twas Jonas Kyle, the landlord's son ;
In scarlet trim he went,
To meet a party in the Glenn,
Who were on hunting bent ;
He smiled, and kissed his hand to Kate,
Who, blushing, smiled again ;
But when he saw poor Conn, he frowned,
And sharply drew the rein.

" Is this your *work*, you worthless boor ?"
He cried, with curling lip,
And, whether by design or chance,
He struck him with his whip ;
The young man turned with clenched hand,
And brow of crimson shame ;
But curb'd his wrath, with sullen groan,
And, muttering, curs'd his name.

¹ bótorín.

And while he trod the weary road
That led away from Kate,
His poor young heart was sorely rent
With anger, love, and hate ;
For Jonas Kyle was coarse of soul,
And hated by the poor ;
For " knavish boors " he curs'd them all,
But he—he was the boor !

His father's tenants were no more
Than cattle in his way—
Their only use to toil for him,
And his rack-rents to pay :
But Connor's proud and manly mien
Did chiefly rouse his hate ;
And most of all, when with him smiled
The village beauty, Kate.

* * * * *

Loud bay the dogs in Allaglen,
And hot the huntsmen ride
O'er many a brake and briery fence,
And up the mountain side ;
Until at length they sweep the wood
And fields of Captain Kyle,
Where Jonas, with a friend or two,
Turn in to rest awhile.

" Now," swears he, with a brutal oath,
" What mean these idle hounds ?
By —— there's not a man at work
On all my father's grounds !"
And true it was, and strange to see
The labourers idle stand,
And not a plough or spade or horse
At work upon the land.

In idle groups they, whisp'ring, stand,
Or loiter up and down,
Nor answer to his angry threats,
Save with a gloomy frown.
He enters at the wide park gate,
And there sees Agent Lee,
And loud to his admiring friends
Thus brutally spake he :—

“ Ho ! here's the master of the men,
Half blind, and deaf and grey ;
And when the cat is blind and deaf,
The mice, you see, will play ;
Yet surely to his master
He is suited well, I own ;
But, faith, they'll play another game
When I shall have my own.

“ When I shall have my own, by —— ! ”
With harsh loud laugh, he said.
“ You have it now, young man,” said Lee ;
“ Old Captain Kyle is dead !
Dead in his bed, this morning,
Neglected and alone ;
While strangers wept to hear him call
So vainly for his own.”

III.

The night was black, and the piercing wind
Swept, howling, through Kyle's wood,
And, moaning, wept in frozen tears,
Round where Conn's home had stood ;
But it could not to the pitying mind
So keen a chill impart,
As the bitter tears and rending sobs
Of a woman's breaking heart..

“ But Conn, *astor* ! why don't you come ?
She cannot linger on ;
Oh ! come and see your mother once
Before the life is gone ! ”
And who was he who watched outside,
Half naked in the blast,
And from the night such ghastly looks
Into the hovel cast ?

To the loved treasure of his soul
He can bring no relief,
And round their hut, all in the dark,
He hovers like a thief ;
And looks—and looks again—with fear,
Upon his darling Kate,
And thinks again of Jonas Kyle
With thoughts of madd'ning hate.

All day no food has passed his lips,
But he feels not hunger's pain,
For pangs more cruel rend his heart,
And burn within his brain ;
A dreadful fiend is at his side,
And bears him company,
And gazes in his pallid face,
With looks of hellish glee ;

And points, and points to the ruin'd wall—
To something that lies hid—
Something that Connor thrice before
Had darkly visitèd ;
And now he draws it slowly forth,
And turns it in his hands ;
His brain is reeling round and round—
He trembles where he stands.

A scorching heat is in his blood,
Though the piercing wind still blows,
As down the gloomy field he treads,
Low mutt'ring as he goes ;
Low mutt'ring through his clenched teeth—
" I'll watch beside the well—
'Tis but a devil less on earth
And a devil more in Hell !"

But see the dying woman now—
She rises stiff and stark,
And with her glazed and hollow eyes
Is staring through the dark.
" O Holy Virgin !" murmurs Kate,
And shrinking faints away,
While like a spectre through the night
Still gazes Anne O'Shea.

At length her numb'd lips find a voice,
A piteous wail of woe—
" My son—my son—*Fareer, mo leun !*"¹
She mutter'd, hoarse and slow ;
For she had seen with knowledge strange,
And heard with hearing keen—
Her parting soul, in spirit-life,
With her dear son had been ;

And her mute breast had felt the storm
With which he now did strive ;
For love, still grappling close with death,
Had kept her heart alive ;
And now she knows he points the gun—
The flash seems through her brain,
As falls the brutal Jonas Kyle,
Never to rise again.

¹ " Alas ! my bleeding anguish."

A FRAGMENT OF M'AULIFFE'S PROPHECY.

*Translated from the Irish.*PATRICK O'HERLIHY.¹

O WOFUL are the tidings
Revealed to me this day;
The gen'rous race of Eibhir shall
Be banished far away;
The foe shall come, and parcel out
Their hills and valleys green
Among his serfs:—great changes then
In Erin will be seen.

His vassals they shall dwell in
The brown moors on ev'ry side;
His oxen they shall browse upon
Your smooth plains far and wide;
His herds shall graze in meadows
The fairest in the land—
I fear me he will leave you nought
Whereon your homes may stand.

A minion of the stranger
In each corner shall be seen,
Close watched will be the man who dare
Be partial to The Green;
And if he should prove troublesome—
In Erin's cause grown bold—
To him will freely offered be
The cursed Saxon gold.

¹ Of Muskerry, south of Ireland; lineal descendant of the Eirenachs of St. Gobnate; a Celtic scholar and Poet.

My heart, alas ! is very sad
At what I must relate ;
The haughty Saxon *bodaghs* will
Expel the Good and Great ;
Their poor and suffering clansmen
They'll banish o'er the sea,
Or drive them to the bleakest cliffs—
A woful sight to see !

But sure I am that God will not
Desert dear Innisfail ;
For Freedom yet will raise her head
Triumphant in Kinsale ;
And Cork will send a mighty host,
Determined, tried, and true,
And Waterford forget that e'er
This foreign yoke she knew.

Unjust are the incredulous,
The men who doubt my lay ;
For wrongs avenged this heart of mine
Will gladden in the clay ;
A fierce and bloody battle,
With sword, and pike, and gun,
From Erinn's shores, in dire dismay,
Shall make the Saxon run.

O ye, the hoarders up of wealth,
Unto my tale give ear ;
To Mammon your base hearts incline,
And scanty is your cheer ;
Trust me, your ill-got treasure will
By Saxon hands be wrung
From out of yours—M'Auliffe then,
You'll say, has truly sung.

A SNOW SONG.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

THE heathery hills are covered with snow,
The flakes are floating and falling slow,
The tame, wee robin is cheeping low—

Bare hedges give no cover ;
The ice-pond chirps, the cold winds sweep ;
I pity the poor little mountain sheep ;
So slumber, baby, slumber and sleep
'Till winter days are over.

The bore-trees creak, the woods deplore,
Long icicles hang the panes before—
I wonder what sound moves up to the door,
Or who may be this rover.
Thou shivering snow-child ! come to the heat—
I pity all poor, little naked feet
That wander and tremble thro' snow and sleet
'Till winter days are over.

Now, baby dearie ! what think you
To clothe each poor cold foot in a shoe ?
You need not crow, for your's will not do,
My merry little lover !
Your one, lost brother, my baby fair,
His shoes will never and never wear ;
They'll be this little one's gladd'ning share
'Till winter days are over.

For swine are housed, and kine are warm,
The dog by the fireside dreads no harm—
And, ah ! to see Christ's child in the storm,
A wanderer without cover.

'Tis sweet to have, but not all to keep,
And 'tis good sometimes to know to weep ;
And I pity the heart that would slumber and sleep
'Till winter days are over.

A T N I A G A R A .

JOHN SAVAGE.¹

THE RAPIDS.

IN broken lines, like ghosts of buried nations,
Struggling beneath their white and tangled palls,
They leap and roar to Earth their exultations,
And Earth e'en trembles as the spectre falls.

With strength that gives solemnity to clangour,
With quaint immensity that strangles mirth,
Like mortal things they roar to time their anger,
Like things immortal they disdain the Earth.

They bound, as dallying in their gorgeous West,
In forest cradles, and in parent mountains,
They heard old Ocean throb his regal breast,
And call his vassals—the cascades and fountains.

From crag to crag they leap, and spread the sound
Through gorge and wood their flashing banners'
motion,
'Till here in frantic rivalry they bound,
These mighty white-plumed cohorts, for the ocean.

¹ An Irishman, living in America ; brother-in-law of the late Joseph Brennan—a man himself of distinguished literary reputation. His tragedy of "Sybil" had a great success on the American stage ; and some of his poems have been recited to immense audiences on the platforms of the lecture-halls of the States.

Surging along the pale battalions muster,
Crowding each other till the strongest springs
A-top his fellows, with heroic lustre,
And dares the deeds, like Viking, that he sings.

Like men, the Rapids, born 'mid restless valour,
Flash o'er their foes with many a frotheneu spasm,
And, linking all in pomp's majestic pallor,
Leap like ten thousand Romans down the chasm!

. THE FALLS.

There is an awful eloquence around,
Like earthquake underneath the dreamful pillows
Of some great town, that deemed its strength profound,
And wakes on worse than frantic Ocean's billows.

The mists, like shadowy cathedrals, rise,
And through the vapoury cloisters prayers are
pouring,
Such as ne'er sprang to the eternal skies
From old Earth's passionate and proud adoring.

There is a voice of Scripture in the flood,
With solemn monotone of glory bounding,
Making all else an awe-hushed solitude
To hear its everlasting faith resounding.

There is a quiet on my heart like death ;
My eyes are gifted with a strange expansion,
As if they closed upon my life's last breath,
And oped to measure the eternal mansion.

I see so much, I fear to trust my vision ;
I hear so much, I doubt my mortal ear ;
I feel so much, my soul in strong submission
Bends in a silent, death-like rapture here.

SHEMUS O'BRIEN:

A TALE OF 'NINETY-EIGHT,

As related by an Irish Peasant.

LEFANU.

PART I.

JUST after the war, in the year 'Ninety-Eight,
As soon as the Boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot.

There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavings by night;
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon;
If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a dragon!

An' whether the sojers or judges gave sentence,
The devil a much time they allowed for repentance;
An' the many a fine Boy was then on his keepin',
With small share of restin', or sittin', or sleepin'!

An' because they loved Erinn, and scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullit—
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' honestest Boy of thim all
Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall;
His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth half as white.

But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
An', for all that, he wasn't an ugly young Boy—
For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye—

So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night ;
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the elegantest hurler that ever was seen :

In fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he bate Tom Molony a foot ;
For lightness of foot there was not his peer,
For, by Heavens ! he almost outrun the red deer ;

An' his dancin' was such that the men used to stare,
And the women turn crazy, he did it so quare ;
An' sure the whole world gave in to him there !

An' it's he was the Boy that was hard to be caught ;
An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought ;
An' it's many the one can remember quite well
The quare things he did ; and it's oft I heerd tell

How he frightened the magistrates, in Cahirbally,
An' escaped through the sojers in Aherloe valley,
An' leathered the yeomen, himself agen four,
An' stretched the four strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must
rest,
And treachery prey on the blood of the best ;

An' many an action of power an' of pride,
An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side,
And a thousand great dangers an' toils overpast,
In darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shemus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon ;
An' take your last look at her dim misty light,
That falls on the mountain an' valley to-night.

One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering far-distant wood :
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still.

Farewell to the pattrern, the hurlin', an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake !
An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' with irons secured him, refusin' all bail.

The fleet limbs wor chained, and the sthrong hands wor
bound,
An' he lay down his lenth on the cold preson ground ;
And the dhrames of his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air ;

An' happy rimimbrances crowdin' an ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down an the river,
Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his eye.

But the tears didn't fall ; for the pride iv his heart
Wouldn't suffer one dhrup down his pale cheek to start ;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark preson cave,
An' he swore with a fierceness that misery gave,

By the hopes iv the good an' the cause iv the brave,
That, when he was moulderin in the cowl'd grave,
His inimies never should have it to boast
His scorn iv their vengeance one moment was lost :
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry ;
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

PART II.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over an' gone,
The terrible day of the trial came on ;
There was such a crowd, there was scarce room to
stand,
An' sojers on guard, an' dragoons sword in hand ;

An' the court-house so full, that the people were
bothered,
An' attornies and criers on the point of being smothered ;
An' counsellors almost gave over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in the box overhead.

An' the judge settled out so determined an' big,
An' the gown on his back, an' an elegant wig ;
An' silence was call'd, an' the minute 'twas said,
The court was as still as the heart of the dead.

An' they heard but the opening of one prison-lock,
An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock :
For one minute he turned his eyes round on the throng,
An' then looked on the bars, so firm and so strong.

An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;
An' he folded his arms, as he stood there alone,
As calm an' as cold as a statue of stone.

An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Shemus didn't see it, nor mind it a taste ;
An' the judge took a big pinch of snuff, an' he says :—
“ Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you please ? ”

An' all held their breath in silence of dread,
An' Shemus O'Brien made answer an' said :—
“ My lord, if you ask me if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime,

"That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God an' the world I would answer you No !

"But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland, from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes—

"I answer you YES ; an' I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright;
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;
By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !
In a twinkling he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shémus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,
"Oh ! judge, darlin', don't,—oh ! don't say the word !
The crathur is young—have mercy, my lord !

"You don't know him, my lord ; oh ! don't give him
to ruin !
He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin' ;
He's the kindest crathur, the tinnerest hearted—
Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted !

"Judge mavourneen, forgive him—forgive him, my
lord !
An' God will forgive you—oh ! don't say the word !"
That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken !

An' down his pale cheek, at the word of his mother,
The big tears were running, one after the other ;
An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,
But the strong manly voice used to falter and break.

But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquer'd an' master'd his grief's swelling tide ;
An' says he, " Mother don't—don't break your poor
heart !
Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part.

" An' God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear
On the bleak trackless mountain among the wild deer,
To be in the grave, where the heart, head, an' breast,
From labour and sorrow for ever shall rest.

" Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more—
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour ;
For I wish, when my heart's lyin' under the raven,
No true man can say that I died like a craven."

Then towards the judge Shemus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

PART III.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;
But why are the men standing idle so late ?
An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street ?

What come they to talk of? what come they to see ?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross tree ?
Oh ! Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast—
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.

Pray fast, an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
When, strong, proud, an' great as you are, you must
die!—

At last they drew open the big prison gate,
An' out came the Sheriffs an' sojers in state.

An' a cart in the middle, and Shemus was in it—
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minit;
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls cryin',

A wild wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through
trees!

On, on to the gallows the Sheriffs are gone,
An' the car an' the sojers go steadily on.

An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand.

An' the priest, havin' blest him, gets down on the
ground,
An' Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.
Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,
Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe of the life-strangling cords to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last
prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands he
unbound,
An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the
ground!

Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres!
 He's not down! he's alive! now attend to him,
 neighbours!

By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken,
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken:
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go
 bang,
 But if you want hangin', 'tis yourselves you must hang.

To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aberloe glin,
 An' the devil in the dice if you catch him agin;
 The sojers run this way, the Sheriffs run that,
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday-hat.

An' the Sheriffs were both of them punished seavely,
 An' fined like the devil, because Jim done them fairly.

A week after this time, without firin' a cannon,
 A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon;
 An' the captain left word he was going to Cork,
 But the devil a bit—he was bound for New York.

The very next spring—a bright mornin' in May,
 An' just six months after the great hangin' day—
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
 An' on the outside was written out fair:—

“To ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere.”
 An' the inside began—“My Dear good ould Mother,
 I'm safe, and I'm happy; an' not wishin' to bother
 You in the radin'—with the help of the priest—
 I send you inclosed in this letter at least
 Enough to pay him an' to fetch you away
 To the land of the free an' the brave—Amerikay!
 Here you'll be happy, an' never made cryin'
 As long as you're mother of Shemus O'Brien.

" Give my love to sweet Biddy, an' tell her beware
Of that spalpeen who calls himself ' Lord of Kildare ;'
An just say to the judge, I don't now care a rap
For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap.

" An' as for the dragoons — them paid men of
slaughter—
Say I love them as well as the devil loves holy water.
An now, my good mother, one word of advice—
Fill your bag with potatoes, an' bacon, an' rice ;

" An' tell my sweet Biddy, the best way of all
Is now an' for ever to leave ould Glengall,
An' come with you, takin' a snug cabin berth,
An' bring us a sod of the ould Shamrock earth.

" An' when you start from ould Ireland, take passage
at Cork,
An' come straight across to the town of New York ;
An' there ask the Mayor the best way to go
To the town of Cincinnatti—the state Ohio :
An' there you will find me, without much tryin',
At the 'Harp an' the Eagle,' kept by Shemus OBrien."

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.¹

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

SHE lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Sliev-na-mon,²
A gentle peasant girl,
With mild eyes like the dawn ;

¹ This little poem, when it first appeared in "The Celt" a few years since, was pronounced "a gem" by the late Michael Doheny.

² Sliev-na-mban,

Her lips were dewy rosebuds ;
Her teeth of pearls rare ;
And a snow-drift 'neath a beechen bough
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sunday, when the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell !
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter
Was loveliest of the throng.

O brave, brave Irish girls—
We well may call you brave !—
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave,
When you leave our quiet valleys,
And cross the Atlantic's foam,
To hoard your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.

“ Write word to my own dear mother—
Say, we'll meet with God above ;
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love ;
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer ”—
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah, cold, and well nigh callous,
This weary heart has grown
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own ;

Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
 When by Anner side I stray,
 For the lily of the mountain foot
 That withered far away.

MO CAILIN DONN.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D.

(*May*, 1859.)

Air—"The River Roe," or, "Irish Molly, O."

THE blush is on the flower, and the bloom is on the
 tree,
 And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are carolling their
 glee;
 And the dews upon the grass are made diamonds by
 the sun,
 All to deck a path of glory for my own Cáilin Donn!¹
 Oh, fair she is! Oh, rare she is! Oh, dearer still
 to me!
 More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken
 tree,
 More welcome than the blossom to the weary dusty
 bee,
 Is the coming of my true love—my own Cáilin Donn!

O Sycamore! O Sycamore! wave, wave your banners
 green—
 Let all your pennons flutter, O Beech! before my queen!
 Ye fleet and honied breezes, to kiss her hand ye run;
 But my heart has passed before ye to my own Cáilin
 Donn!

Oh, fair she is! &c.

¹ *Colleen Don*, a "brown (haired) girl."

Ring out, ring out, O Linden! your merry leafy bells!
Unveil your brilliant torches, O Chestnut! to the dells;
Strew, strew the glade with splendour, for morn it
cometh on!

Oh, the morn of all delight to me—my own Cáilin
Donn!

Oh, fair she is! &c.

She is coming, where we parted, where she wanders
every day;

There's a gay surprise before her who thinks me far
away!

Oh, like hearing bugles triumph when the fight of Free-
dom's won

Is the joy around your footsteps, my own Cáilin Donn!
Oh, fair she is! Oh, rare she is! Oh, dearer still to
me!

More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken
tree,

More welcome than the blossom to the weary dusty
bee,

Is your coming, O my true love—my own Cáilin
Donn!

OH! FAIR SHINES THE SUN IN GLENARA.

ROBERT D. JOYCE, M. D.

Air—"Glenara."

OH! fair shines the sun on Glenara,
And calm rest his beams on Glenara;

But, oh! there's a light

Far dearer, more bright,

Illumines my soul in Glenara—

The light of thine eyes in Glenara.

And sweet sings the stream of Glenara,
 Glancing down through the woods like an arrow ;
 But a sound far more sweet
 Glads my heart when we meet
 In the green summer woods of Glenara,—
 Thy voice by the wave of Glenara.

And, oh ! ever thus in Glenara,
 Till we sleep in our graves by Glenara,
 May thy voice sound as free,
 And as kindly to me,
 And thine eyes beam as fond in Glenara,
 In the green summer woods of Glenara !

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.¹

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee ;
 Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee ;
 Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee ;
 Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee ;
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
 Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly ;
 Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
 Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing ;
 And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
 Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure :
 O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,
 Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom :

¹ Addressed to his wife.

The waste of my life has a rose root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even ;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven ;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where the shadows and sunshine are chasing each other ;
Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple.
Oh ! thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming !

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened ;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened ?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love :
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing ;
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow ;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak,
love,
With a song on your lip, and a smile on your cheek,
love ;
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary ;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary :
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee ;
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

THE STREAMS.

FRANCES BROWN.¹

YOUR murmurs bring the pleasant breath
Of many a sylvan scene ;
They tell of sweet and sunny vales,
And woodlands wildly green ;
Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,—
Ye fill the exile's dreams
With hope and home and memory,—
Ye unforgotten streams.

Too soon the blessed springs of love
To bitter fountains turn,
And deserts drink the stream that flows
From hope's exhaustless urn ;
And faint, upon the waves of life,
May fall the summer beams ;
But they linger long and bright with you,
Ye sweet unchanging streams !

The bards—the ancient bards—who sang
When thought and song were new,—
O mighty waters ! did they learn
Their minstrelsy from you ?
For still, methinks, your voices blend
With all their glorious themes,
That flow for ever fresh and free
As the eternal streams !

¹ Author of the beautiful poem, "Songs of our Land," and of a volume of poems published in 1838. She was born in a small village, county of Donegal, in 1816. She lost her sight at the age of eighteen months, and never recovered it.

We give the above poem as well for its intrinsic excellence, as for the fact that Ireland is especially the land of streams and rivers. Most of our readers will recollect the beautiful and touching "Rhapsody on Rivers" in John Mitchell's *Jail Journal*.

Well might the sainted seer of old,
Who trod the tearless shore,
Like many waters deem the voice
The angel hosts adore !
For still, where deep the rivers roll,
Or far the torrent gleams,
Our spirits hear the voice of God
Amid the rush of streams !

THE GARDENS OF LIFE.

H. SIGERSON.

I WANDERED once in a garden fair—
Bright were the flowers that blossomed there,
And a honied breath had the golden air !

And, oh ! the sweet music that floated round,
Ever, ever with magic sound,
Holding my sense in enchantment bound !

And One there dwelt in that land with me,
Oh ! a peerless prince—a king was he !
His eyes made such light in this heart of mine,
That I thought 'twas *he* made the sun to shine.

And when we sat by the singing river,
I thought 'twas his voice that was sounding ever ;
In the trembling shade when we sank to rest,
My heart seem'd throbbing within his breast !

But a shapeless Horror, dark as Death,
Came there with chill and deadly breath,
And turned to stone his eyes of light—
His love-warm lips and forehead bright.

I pressed with kisses warm and sweet
His icy hands and clay-cold feet—
But froze on my lips my kisses sweet.

Then stricken down on the earth I lay,
My pale brow pressed to the cold damp clay ;
To the pulseless, dull, unfriendly breast
Of the cruel Earth, were my cold lips pressed.

Long, long I lay in that trance of pain,
While the fangs of death seemed to gnaw my brain
With a bitter woe, like the curse of Cain.

How long, alas ! I cannot tell,
Nor what to that fair land befell ;
For when I rose, with sudden start,
Urged by a fierce hope in my heart

That all had been, not as it seemed—
That I had dreamed !—that I had dreamed !—
And that I still might live, and rest
On the dear heaven of his breast,
For ever, ever, ever blest !

I looked—and, ah ! I found him gone,
And I in a bleak wild alone ;
No flowers were there, but foulest weeds,
And poisoned thorns, and tangled reeds ;

And serpents writhing on the ground,
And ghastly phantoms hissing round,
And mocking me with hideous sound.

I turned to fly—but where ? oh, where ?
For mocking spectres filled the air
With horrors round me everywhere.

Through briers and fen, through storm and sleet,
I hurried on, with bleeding feet ;
O'er cruel crags and thorns I fled,
Scared by the terrors round me spread,

Led by dim lightning's fitful ray,
Until a black arch closed my way.
I grateful sighed, with failing breath,
"This is the blessed gate of Death !"

And, sinking down by that portal grim,
I wept, and wept till my eyes grew dim,
Till my soul was faint, and my eyes were dim.

But, while I wept, with solemn sound
The Ebon portal was unbound,
And slowly opened to my gaze
Long, silent aisles, in gloomy maze.

And a soft voice, serene and mild,
Murmured—"Come in, poor child ! poor child !
No mocking fiends shall haunt thee here ;
Enter this temple without fear !"

It was a lady : sadly she
Was robed in sable drapery ;
But in her eyes, serenely bright,
There beamed a sacred, calm delight,

Though dimmed with tears of pity mild,
While still she sighed—"Poor child ! poor child !"
I followed her, with trembling strength,
Through aisles of dim and solemn length,

Scarce heeding, as I totter'd slow,
Half blind with tears, half dead with woe,

The words of love, that, pure from God,
Fell from her lips, as on we trod.

And once I turned again to fly,
And to her gentle words did cry—
“ Oh, let me see him, ere I die !”

“ Child—child—*he never was*,” she said ;
“ An empty dream in fancy bred
Is all that’s gone—is all thy loss.”
“ Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter loss,”
I sighed, “ my peace, my hope is lost,
My joy is lost—all—all is lost !”

“ Oh, child of God ! there still is thine
A treasured gift of love divine,
An offering meet for God’s own shrine !
Then let thy vain lamenting cease ;
This is the holy fane of peace ;
Its gardens lead to Heaven’s gate,
Where angels for thy coming wait !”

And, while she spoke, there seemed to rise
A light like that in dying eyes,
When, hands to weeping friends still given,
The *eyes* reflect the light of Heaven !

It seemed, as still it broader grew,
When near a portal wide we drew,
To close around my listening soul,
And pain, and memory’s self-control,

All life save faith and love seemed gone,
While strains of music drew me on
To where soft breezes kissed my brow,
Laden from many a drooping bough.

Of clustering blossoms pure and bright,
Out in that wondrous lovely light
Where now I stand, where now I kneel,
While soft dew's round me seem to steal,

More sweet than honey-dripping flowers
That blossomed in my own lost bowers ;
No red rose here, but lilies white,
Which sway and tremble like the light
Of harvest moon on rippling waves,
Or pure souls gliding from their graves !

Bowed by the weight of glory round,
Mute in a trance of love profound,
Upon the dewy moss I knelt,
When on my brow a hand I felt ;

And sweetly did the lady say—
“ O child, beloved of heaven ! stay,
Oh, stay ! and, far from passion's lure,
Dwell in this garden, calm and pure !
Its fair paths lead to Heaven's gate,
Where angels for thy coming wait—
Stay, and in sacred peace remain
Where sorrow shall not wound again.”

Oh, far the passionate past above
I found that lily land of love

BOATMAN'S HYMN.

From the Irish.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, TRANSLATOR.

BARK, that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle wall ;

Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide top, the tide top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store!
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail go leór!

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn;
For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale—
And, oh! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,
On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

Whillan,¹ ahoy! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well: on the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine?
On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

Says Whillan, "Since first I was made of stone,
I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone;
But till to-day on the bursting brine
Saw I never a bark like thine."
On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

God of the air! the seamen shout
When they see us tossing the brine about—
Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a shock!
On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

¹ Whillan, a rock on the shore, near Blacksod Harbour.

A PICTURE OF MUNSTER.

THOMAS IRWIN.¹

LET the pilgrim of Beauty roam on as he may,
From the snows of the North to the regions of wine,
What space can unfold in the light of the day
In glories more varied, sweet province, than thine—

Where the sun that at morn scatters fire on the crest
Of the giant-browed Galtees, rounds southward, and
takes

A golden farewell, ere he sinks to his nest
In the arbutus bowers of the legended lakes?

Here grey castles moulder like dreams of the past,
'Mid the sunshine of morn and the dews of the clime;
Here round towers, haunted with shadows, still last
On the evening inland, like dials of Time.

Streams freshen the meadows by forests of green,
By moss-covered Abbeys, all ruined and bare,
Whose lone chancel casements at twilight are seen
Like skeleton hands pointed heavenward in prayer;

Here rise the great hills from the pasturing plains;
Here goldens the cornland by village and lea;
Here rolls the broad Shannon, enriched with the rains,
By the turrets of Limerick, swift to the sea.

Ah! once by those waters great argosies cast
From their broad vans, at sunset, a heroic gloom;
Ah! once by those mouldering battlements past
The dusky-browed Spaniard in armour and plume.

¹ Of Dublin; author of a volume of excellent poems, entitled "Versicles," published by "The Celtic Union."

The pageant is o'er, but the blood that enshades
The peasant's rich cheek from that fountain is
drawn,
And glows in the dewy-dark eyes of her maids,
Like the sunned Guadalquiver's first ripple at dawn.

Here feasted the chiefs by the castle's broad fire,
And swelled the wild song of the wandering guest,
Till the memoried music he struck from his lyre
Stirred the sword in the scabbard, the heart in the
breast.

Here oft', as the battle day gloomed o'er the flood,
Their fierce cheers gave note of the enemy's flight,
As they marched by the turrets of Desmond's wild
wood,
With their reddened spears raised in the evening
light.

But, lo! while we muse in the light of thy streams,
That sparkle in fresh diamond dances anigh,
The souls of thy clime, like a splendour in dreams,
Descend in a radiant train from the sky.

Floats up from the Shannon a shadowy blast,
Where great Brian's Kincora lies ruined and lone,
And a phantom looks down from the clouds of the
past,
And mournfully sighs on the years that are gone,

When discord lay dead as his steel-shining hand
Waved the terror-struck fleets of the Northmen
away;
When Peace crownéd Victory shone in the land
Like a warrior's plume on a midsummer day.

Rude years, but ennobled by battle and toil ;
Proud years, that still rise o'er the ages at rest,
Like turrets that look o'er a fertilized soil,
As they moulder in mist on the skirt of the west.

And mark, after long barren ages of gloom,
A new light burns broad on eternity's wing;
And Grattan strides proudly by Liberty's tomb,
With the tongue of a prophet, the brain of a king :

Great chieftain of Freedom, proud Erin's alone,
Whose soul, like a thunder-cloud born in the blue,
Could shake to its centre the foreigner's throne,
While it nurtured the sweet native green with its
dew.

Who treads by his side o'er the purple-belled heath,
With wild scattered hair o'er that forehead so wan ?
Whence flashes the upturned eye from its sheath,
With a glance like the brown-hooded falcon's at
dawn ?—

Ah ! rich native Fancy, thy flame never lit
Such splendours as swarmed from our Curran's
bright brain—
Scintillant as spar to the sparkle of wit,
Yet soft as the blossom enriched with the rain.

Orphan Isle of the Ocean ! how bright is thy sway,
Though sadly thou sit'st by the western wave,
When the song of thy Moore charms the world on its
way,
When the brain of thy Burke rules the age from his
grave !

Ah! when shall thy Genius arise with the power
To guide thy old storms o'er a fertilized mould,
Pile them high in the west in tranquillity's hour,
And magic their gloom to a glory of gold?

Despair not—though shadowed by memory long,
Great spirits shall guard thee like planets of flame;
And armoured by heaven, prolific and strong,
With the youth of eternity toil for thy fame;

Yes, nurtured to life by the sun of thy clime,
New heroes shall pace where thy Glories have trod;
And Voices, yet hushed in the silence of Time,
Roll up with thine old living echoes to God.

A P O R T R A I T.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

LIFE is like a glass, o'er whose surface gleaming,
Brilliant shadows pass, but vain as childhood's
dreaming:
Could we find the art to fix the flying splendour,
ONE, I know, my heart never would surrender.

'Tis a lovely Shade! paint it while it lingers,
Ere it fall and fade; ere the wasting fingers
Of the haggard Time—the blasting and consuming—
Touch its tender prime, and wither all its blooming.

Paint a blooming cheek, filled with healthful beauty;
Ready smiles, that speak of peace and cherished duty;
Eyes that shift and shine with a deep full meaning;
Clouded curls that twine, a sunny forehead screening

Paint a blooming lip, with blushing softness swelling,
Where mirth and kindness keep an undivided dwelling;
The charm is wanting still that on the soft lip lingers,
And the ready skill that haunts those taper fingers.

Merry hours will fleet, friends that love must sever;
Oft in joy we meet, to part, in tears, for ever!
But, in absence, warm, upon this heart reclining,
I will keep that form of memory's fond designing.

THE BROTHERS:

HENRY AND JOHN SHEARS.¹

LADY WILDE.²

'Tis midnight; falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
On a pale and anxious crowd,
Through the court, and round the judges, thronging
thickly,
With prayers they dare not speak aloud.
Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the
bar—
You can see them through the gloom—
In the pride of life and manhood's beauty there they
are,
Awaiting their death-doom.

¹ Born in Cork. Their father was a banker in that city, where his leisure moments were devoted to literary and benevolent pursuits.

Glasheen, about a mile from the city, was his country residence, where his children were reared. The brothers were arrested on the 21st May, 1798, tried on the 12th, and executed on the 14th of July following, with circumstances of cruelty and barbarity.

² Wife of Sir William Wilde, physician and *savant* of Dublin. This lady is author of many beautiful poems, and translator of several works from the German.

All eyes an earnest watch on these are keeping ;
Some, sobbing, turn away,
And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
So noble and so loved were they.
Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
As before the judge they stand ;
They feel not the deep grief that moves the others ;
For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
On each proud high brow ;
For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
Around them even now.
They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger,—
Was it treason ? Let them die ;
But their blood will cry to heaven—the Avenger
Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
The base informer bends,
Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
While he clasped their hands as friends.
Ay ; could fondle the young children of his victim,
Break bread with his young wife,
At the moment that, for gold, his perjured dictum
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
Troubled watch, till forth the jury come ;
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
Guilty ! is the fatal doom.
For a moment o'er the brothers' noble faces
Came a shadow sad to see,
Then silently they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

Oh ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
The rudest cheek might blush at such a scene ;
Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—to-mor-
row—

Twice faltered, as a woman he had been.
To-morrow ! Fain the elder would have spoken,
Prayed for respite, though it is not death he fears ;
But thoughts of home and wife his heart have broken,
And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—oh ! he speaks out bold and clearly :
“ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
Let me die—but spare the brother, who more dearly
Is loved by me than life.”
Pale martyrs, ye may cease ; your days are numbered ;
Next noon your sun of life goes down ;
One day between the sentence and the scaffold ;
One day between the torture and the crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation ;
Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky ;
But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
For the brothers are led forth to die.
Ay ; guard them with your cannon and your lances—
So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
Ay ; guard them—see the people's flashing glances,
For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever—
Ah ! methinks, had I been there,
I'd have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
The sword should touch their hair.¹

¹ Lady Wilde gave proof of her high-mindedness in 'Forty-Eight : standing up in the gallery of the court, she announced herself, before the judges of the land, the author of an article which was then being adduced as proof of the guilt of the Editor of one of the National Papers.

It falls!—there is a shriek of lamentation
From the weeping crowd around ;
They are stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
Yet life-like to this day¹
In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
Kept by angels from decay.
Oh! they preach to us, those still and pallid features ;
Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves
To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

BURNING OF AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

STREET BALLAD.

COME, all ye Irish people,
And hear my mournful theme,
While I relate our hardships great
Upon the watery main :
The fourth day of September
For New York did we set sail,
On board the ship the "Austria,"
With a sweet and pleasant gale.

Six hundred souls we had on board,
Both passengers and crew ;
For nine long days we ploughed the seas ;
Right well the wind it blew,

¹ It is a most curious circumstance that the bodies of these two martyrs have not mouldered into corruption, but by some singularly preservative quality of the air of the vault in St. Michan's Church, Dublin, are in preservation to this day.

Until this dreadful fire took place,
With flames that raged all round—
Four hundred souls were burned,
Or in the cold sea drown'd!

Our captain, when the fire burst forth,
"O Lord, we're lost!" he cried,
And to escape the raging flames
Plunged wildly in the tide!
O God, the cries of children dear!
The blazing pitchy seams:
The mother's bitter tears could not
Subdue the cruel flames!

The most of these were emigrants
From Galway's pleasant strand;
From racking tyrant landlords
They quit their native land;
In hope to live more happily
'Mong strangers far away,
They bent their course to New York,
All on this woful day.

The cries of these poor passengers
Would pierce your heart with grief;
All shrieking on the burning deck
So vainly for relief;
The mothers to their children clung,
"Oh, we may rue the day
We left our poor old Ireland
For countries far away!"

Their bitter groans and sufferings
Would pierce your very heart,
Without a spot to shun the flames
Or bid their fate depart;

They lost their lives and property
 In flames and in the waves;
 And not a mass was offered up
 Above their lonely graves!

O neighbours dear, O Irishmen,
 Let every Christian pray
 That God will rid our native land
 Of racking landlord sway;
 And as these banish'd people did
 In awful sufferings die,
 God grant them sweet salvation
 With His dear Son on High!

BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

STREET BALLAD.¹

Air—"Cruiskeen Lan."²

By Memory inspired,
 And love of country fired,
 The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon;
 And the patriotic glow
 Of my spirit must bestow
 A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys, gone!
 Here's a memory to the friends that are gone.

In October 'Ninety-seven—
 May his soul find rest in Heaven—
 William Orr to execution was led on:

¹ We have copied this from a broad sheet which we found hawking about the country; headed with a rude woodcut of two men leaning pensively on a table, and a standing cavalier, with a glass in one hand and bottle in the other, supposed to be engaged singing to them the above patriotic song.

² Cruiskeen lan.

The jury, drunk, agreed
 That IRISH was his creed;
 For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on :
 Here's the memory of John Mitchell that is gone!

In 'Ninety-Eight—the month July—
 The informer's pay was high;
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann;
 But MacCann was Reynolds' first—
 One could not allay his thirst; [gone :
 So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys,
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears
 Shed for John and Henry Shears;
 Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong;
 We may forgive, but yet
 We never can forget
 The poisoning of Maguire that is gone, boys, gone—
 Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
 Like a man, without a sigh;
 But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
 But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
 And coward heart at best,
 Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone,
 boys, gone:
 Here's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-three,
 Closed this cruel history,
 When Emmett's blood the scaffold flowed upon :
 Oh, had their spirits been wise,
 They might then realize
 Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchell that is gone,
 boys, gone:
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE.¹

MICHAEL DOHENY.

THE long, long wished-for hour has come,
 Yet come, astor, in vain;
 And left thee but the wailing hum
 Of sorrow and of pain:
 My light of life, my lonely love!
 Thy portion sure must be
 Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
 A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!²

I've given thee manhood's early prime,
 And manhood's teeming years;
 I've blessed Thee in my merriest time,
 And shed with Thee my tears;

¹ Doubtless "Duffy's Ballad Poetry of Ireland," which in less than a month ran through three editions, is known and prized in the cottages of the farmers. But even among the poorer labouring classes of the country, this love for and appreciation of some of the refined ballads is to be met with. Evidence of this is recorded in "Memorandums in Ireland," a work written by Dr. Forbes, one of the Physicians to the Queen, who seems a man capable of recording truly what he saw. He introduces the above ballad with these words:—"Our driver from Kenmare to Killarney, a teetotalter, was a true son of Saint Patrick. He volunteered a song, and made the echoes ring with his sonorous strains. One of his songs was really in itself a song of no ordinary beauty and pathos; and when it was considered under what circumstances it had been written, and that it now burst forth spontaneously, and, as it were, irresistibly, from the lips of this young Irish peasant, amid the very scenes where it had been composed, it could not fail being listened to with redoubled interest. * * * A reward of £300 was offered for his (Michael Doheny's) apprehension, but none of his countrymen, however poor or wretched, were found mercenary enough to earn it; and he finally succeeded in making his escape from Cork. * * * It was evident that our minstrel, though a very indifferent singer, felt the pathos of his song; and it soon appeared that his sympathies were strongly on the same side as those of its author. On my asking him, if he would have joined in this insurrection if he had come in the way of it, he replied instantly, 'To be sure I would; a man ought to fight for his country.' So true it is," goes on this English writer to say, "that there still dwells deep in the Irish mind the memory of the ancient independence and legendary glories of Ireland! and the notion of something being yet due in the shape of vengeance on the sons of the conquerors."

² *A cushla gal mochree*, A cuisle gíl mo chroidhe—O bright pulse of my heart.

And, mother, though thou cast away
The child who'd die for Thee,
My fondest wishes still should pray
For cuisle geal mo chroidhe !

For Thee I've tracked the mountain's sides,
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
O'er Lua's fairy lake.
The rich have spurned me from their door,
Because I'd make Thee free ;
Yet still I love Thee more and more,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe !

I've run the Outlaw's wild career,
And borne his load of ill ;
His rocky couch—his dreamy fear—
With fixed, sustaining will ;
And should his last dark chance befall,
Even that shall welcome be ;
In Death I'd love Thee best of all,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe !

'Twas prayed for Thee the world around,
'Twas hoped for Thee by all,
That with one gallant sunward bound
Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall ;
Thy faith was tried, alas ! and those
Who'd peril all for Thee
Were curs'd and branded as thy foes,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe !

What fate is thine, unhappy Isle,
When even the trusted few
Would pay Thee back with hate and guile,
When most they should be true !

'Twas not my strength or spirit fail'd,
 Or those who'd die for Thee ;
 Who loved Thee truly have not failed,
 A cuisle geal mo chroidhe !

LAMENT OF THE EJECTED IRISH PEASANT.¹

ANONYMOUS.

Air—"Eileen Aroon"—Eiblin a púin.

THE night is dark and dreary,
 A gradh geal mo chroidhe !²
 And the heart that loves you weary,
 A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
 For every hope is blighted,
 That bloomed when first we plighted
 Our troth, and were united,
 A gradh geal mo chroidhe !

Still our homestead we behold,
 A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
 But the cheerful hearth is cold,
 A gradh geal mo chroidhe !

¹ Von Raumer, making a tour in Ireland, tries to explain to his own country people the state of things produced by the landlord land-laws of this country thus :—"How shall I translate *tenant-at-will* ? Shall I say *serfs* ? No ; in feudal times serfdom consisted rather in keeping the vassals attached to the soil, and by no means in driving them away. An ancient vassal is a lord compared with the present tenant-at-will, to whom the law affords no defence. Why not call them *Wegjagdbare* (chaseable) ? But this difference lessens this analogy—that for hares, stags, and deer, there is a season during which no one is allowed to hunt them, whereas tenants-at-will are hunted all the year round. And if any one would defend his farm (as badgers and foxes are allowed to defend their cover), it is here denominated 'rebellion !' "

² *A ghra gal mochree*—O bright love of my heart!

And those around its glow
Assembled long ago,
In the cold, cold earth lie low,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !

'Twas famine's wasting breath,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
That wing'd the shaft of death,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
And the landlord, lost to feeling,
Who drove us from our sheeling,
Though we prayed for mercy kneeling,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !

Oh ! 'twas heartless from that floor,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
Where our fathers dwelt of yore,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
To fling our offspring—seven—
'Neath the wintry skies of heaven,
To perish on that even',
A gradh geal mo chroidhe

But the sleety blast blows chill,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
Let me press thee closer still,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !
To this scathed, bleeding heart,
Beloved as thou art ;
For too soon—too soon we part,
A gradh geal mo chroidhe !

IRISH EMIGRANTS, 1776.

M'BURNEY.¹

OH ! how she ploughed the ocean,
 The good ship "Castle Down,"
 The day we hung our colours out,
 The Harp *without* the Crown !
 A gallant barque, she topped the wave ;
 And fearless hearts were we,
 With guns, and pikes, and bayonets,
 A stalwart company.
 'Twas sixteen years from THUROT,²
 And, sweeping down the bay,
 The "Siege of Carrickfergus"
 So merrily we did play ;
 By the old castle's foot we went,
 With three right hearty cheers,
 And waved our green cockades aloft,
 For we were Volunteers, Volunteers,
 Oh ! we were in our prime that day,
 Stout Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we weighed our anchor
 On the breast of smooth Garmoyle,
 Our guns spoke out in thunder :
 "Adieu, sweet Irish soil !"
 At Whiteabbey, and Greencastle,
 And Hollywood so gay,
 Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs,
 With many a loud huzza.

¹ Author of the excellent ballad, "Arthur M'Coy," in this Collection.

² The landing of Thurot at Carrickfergus in 1760, long used as an epoch by the people.

Our voices o'er the water went
 To the hollow mountains round ;
 Young Freedom, struggling at her birth,
 Might utter such a sound.
 But one green slope beside Belfast
 We cheered, and cheered it still ;
 The people had changed its name that year,
 And called it Bunker's Hill ;¹ Bunker's Hill,
 Oh, that our hands, like our hearts,
 Had been at the trench at Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for Quebec port ;
 But thither little bent,
 Up some New England's River
 To run her keel we meant.
 We took our course due North, as out
 Round old Blackhead we steered,
 Till Ireland bore south-west by south,
 And Fingall's rock appeared.
 Then on the poop stood Webster,
 While the ship hung flutteringly,
 About to take her tack across
 The wide, wide ocean sea :
 He pointed to the Atlantic—
 "Yonder's no place for slaves ;
 Haul down these British badges ; [waves !"
 For Freedom rules the waves ! Rules the
 Three hundred strong men answered,
 Shouting, "Freedom rules the waves !"
 Then all together rose, and brought
 The British ensign down ;
 And up we raised our Island Green,
 Without the British Crown ;

¹ Bunker's Hill, on the coast of Down, was so called in honour of the famous hill at Boston.

Emblazoned there a golden harp,
Like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock-wreath around its head,
Looked o'er the sea, and smiled.
A hundred days, with adverse winds,
We swept our course afar;
On the hundredth day came bearing down
A British sloop-of-war.
When they spied our flag, they fired a gun;
But, as they neared us fast,
Old Andrew Jackson went aloft,
And nailed it to the mast, To the mast.
A soldier was that old Jackson;
He made our colours fast.

Patrick Henry was our Captain,
As brave as ever sailed :
" Now we must do or die," said he,
" For our green flag is nailed."
Silently came the sloop along,
And silently we lay,
Till with ringing cheers and cannonade
The foe began the fray :
Then their boarders o'er the bulwarks
Like shuttlecocks we cast,
One broadside volley from our guns
Swept down the tapering mast ;—
" Now, British Tars ! St. George's cross
Is trailing in the sea ;
How do you like the greeting
And the handsel of the Free ? Of the Free ?
These are the terms and tokens of men who will
be free."

They answered us with cannon,
Their honour to redeem :

To shoot away our Irish flag
 Each gunner took his aim ;
 They ripped it up in ribbons,
 Till it fluttered in the air,
 And filled with shot-holes, till no trace
 Of golden Harp was there ;
 But the ragged holes did glance and gleam
 In the sun's golden light,
 Even as the twinkling stars adorn
 God's unfurled flag at night.
 With drooping fire we sung—" Good night,
 And fare-ye-well, brave Tars !"
 Our Captain looked aloft—" By Heaven !
 The flag is Stripes and Stars, Stripes and Stars."
 Right into Boston port we sailed,
 Below the Stripes and Stars.

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THOUGH young that heart, though free each thought,
 Though free and wild each feeling,
 And though with fire each dream be fraught
 Across those bright eyes stealing,

That heart is true, those thoughts are bold,
 And bold each feeling sweepeth ;
 There lies not there a bosom cold,
 A pulse that faintly sleepeth.

His dreams are idiot-dreams, ye say,
 The dreams of fairy story ;
 Those dreams will burn in might one day,
 And flood his path with glory !

Thou old dull vassal ! fling thy sneer
 Upon that young heart coldly,
 And laugh at deeds *thy* heart may fear,
 Yet *he* will venture boldly.

Ay, fling thy sneer while dull and slow
 Thy withered blood is creeping ;
That heart will beat, *that* spirit glow,
 When thy tame pulse is sleeping.

Ay, laugh when o'er his country's ills
 With manly eye he weepeth ;
 Laugh, when his brave heart throbs and thrills,
 And thy cold bosom sleepeth—

Laugh, when he vows in Heaven's sight
 Ne'er to flinch, ne'er to falter—
 To toil and fight for a nation's right,
 And guard old Freedom's altar.

Ay, laugh when on the fiery wing
 Of hero thought ascending,
 To fame's bold cliff with eagle spring
 That young bright mind is tending.

He'll gain that cliff, he'll reach that throne,
 The throne where genius shineth,
 When round and through thy nameless stone
 The green weed thickly twineth.

MUSIC, MUSIC, COME, OH ! COME.¹

ISAAC STEPHEN VARIAN.

MUSIC, music, come, oh, come !
 From thy lone retreat, in the forest deep ;
 From thy crystal throne, where the wild waves sweep ;

¹ Has been set to music, as a Glee for four voices, with Pianoforte accompaniment, by Abel Wadsworth Deane, Esq.,—can be had of A. J. Novello, 69, Dean-street, Soho ; also in New York, at 389, Broadway.

From thy sea, at eve, by the mountain's rill;
From thy cave, where the lightnings work their will;
Come, sweep o'er our souls—in our bosoms thrill!

“Thou hast called; what strain would'st thou hear?
Has affliction thy calm spirit broken?
Shall we breathe tones of love in thine ear,
Or shall wild notes of gladness be spoken?
Thou hast called; what strain would'st thou hear?

Sing to me; I am sad and alone,
Bereavement has weighed down my soul;
From Erinn the loved ones are gone,
My crushed spirit would feel thy control;
Sing to me; I am sad, and alone.

Sing to me in the music of love,
As it breathes o'er the opening flowers,
And let Hope, like the wing of the dove,
Waft my soul to its shadowy bowers;
Sing to me in the music of love.

Sing to me; for my heart would rejoice;
My spirit is joyous and free,
And the tones I would hear from thy voice
Are the echoes of gladness and glee:
Sing to me; for my heart would rejoice.

“Then, listen! I have notes that can cheer
The heart, when 'tis sad and alone—
That pour Hope in the Patriot's ear,
And echo to gaiety's tone;
Then listen, when music is near!”

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.¹*Street Ballad.*

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Air—"The Boys of Wexford."

IN comes the captain's daughter,
The captain of the Yeos,
Saying, "Brave United man,
We'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll give you,
And fly from home with thee,
And dress myself in man's attire,
And fight for libertie!"
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right good will,
To see our friends and neighbours
That were at Vinegar Hill!
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go;
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy—
A tyrant he laid low!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand,
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

¹ The fragments of an old song.

We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross, and Wexford town ;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubber'neering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way !
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land !

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill ;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill !
'Twas drink that still betrayed us—
Of them we had no fear ;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmalier !
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land !

My curse upon all drinking !
It made our hearts full sore ;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost evermore ;
And if, for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still !
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land !

THE FELONS.

JOHN T. CAMPION, M. D.¹

[When Thomas Francis Meagher and two more of the 'Forty-Eight men were outlawed wanderers in Tipperary, and at the close of a weary evening sought food and shelter from a peasant whom they met on the way, the colloquy and events of the ballad took place.]

“Good peasant, we are strangers, here,
And night is gathering fast;
The stars scarce glimmer in the sky;
And moans the mountain blast;
Can'st tell us of a place to rest?
We're wearied with the road;
No churl the peasant used to be
With homely couch and food.”

“I cannot help myself, nor know
Where ye may rest or stay;
A few more hours the moon will shine,
And light you on your way.”

“But, peasant, can you let a man
Appeal to you in vain;
Here at your very cabin door,
And 'mid the pelting rain?
Here in the dark, and in the night,
Where one scarce sees a span,
What!—close your heart!—and close your door!
And be an Irishman?”

“No—no—go on—the moon will rise
In a short hour or two;
What can a peaceful labourer say?
Or a poor toiler do?”

¹ Of King's Bridge, Kilkenny.

“ You’re poor ? well—here’s a golden chance
To make you rich and great !
Five hundred pounds are on our heads !
The gibbet is our fate !
Fly—raise the cry, and win the gold ;
Or some may cheat you soon ;
And we’ll abide by the road side,
And wait the rising moon.”

What ails the peasant ?—does he flush
At the wild greed of gold ?
Why seizes he the wanderers’ hands ?—
Hark to his accents bold :—

“ Ho ! I *have* a heart for you, neighbours,
Ay, and a hearth, and a home ;
Ay, and a help for you, neighbours ;
God bless ye, and prosper ye—come !

“ Come—out of the light of the soldiers ;
Come in ’mongst the children and all ;
And I’ll guard ye for sake of old Ireland,
’Till Connall himself gets a fall.

“ To the devil with all their gold guineas—
Come in—everything is your own ;
And I’ll kneel at your feet, friends of Ireland !
What I wouldn’t for king on his throne.

“ God bless ye that stood in the danger,
In the midst of the country’s mishap ;
That stood up to meet the big famine ;
Och ! ye are the men in the gap !

“ Come in—with a ‘ Cead Mille Failthe ;’
Sit down, and don’t make any noise,
Till I come for more comforts to crown ye ;
Till I gladden the hearts of the boys.

“Arrah ! shake hands again—noble fellows !
That left your own homes for the poor ;
Not a man in the land could betray you,
Or shut up his heart or his door.”

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

JOHN T. CAMPION, M. D.

HAVE you seen my sweetheart
Passing on the way ?
Like a hill-side sun-gleam
On a harvest day.
Such fine eyes of hazel !
Such dark flowing hair !
Like a graceful cloud-wreath
Leaning on the air.

Saw you the white foam-hill
Sailing down the Nore ?
How amid the rushes
Flowing near the shore,
In it steers and nestles—
Takes its downy rest :—
So my sweetheart's bosom
Hides beneath her vest.

Saw you the wild mushroom
As you slowly pass,
Like a pearly dawning,
Bedded in the grass ?
So in her dark buskin,
Lies my sweetheart's foot,
Locked up, like the kernel
In the tuckered nut !

Have you seen my sweetheart
When she speaks or sings ?
Lo ! the bird of Eden
With uplifted wings !
Warm—bright—and rosy—
Dazzling white beneath,
Like her lips of crimson
O'er their ivory wreath.

Have you seen my sweetheart,
Blushing when we meet—
Looking mild and gentle,
Speaking kind and sweet ?
Earth were sad without her—
Time no joy could bring ;
Bright is all above her,
Like one fairy ring ;
Bless her eyes of hazel !
Bless her flowing hair !
Like a graceful cloud-wreath
Leaning on the air !

AN EXILE'S DREAMS.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

I WILL go to holy Ireland,
The land of Saint and Sage,
Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping
In the shrunken form of Age ;
Where the shadow of giant Hopes
For evermore is cast,
And the wraiths of mighty chieftains
Are looming through the Past.
From the cold land of the Stranger

I will take my joyous flight,
To sit by my slumbering country,
- And watch her through the night ;
When the Spring is in the sky,
And the flowers are on the land,
I will go to ancient Ireland
Of the open heart and hand.

I will go where the Galtees
Are rising bare and high,
With their haggard foreheads fronting
The scowl of the clouded sky ;
I will gaze adown on the valleys,
And bless the teeming sod,
And commune with the mountains—
“ The Almoners of God ;”
I will list to the murmurous song
Which is rising from the river,
Which flows, crooning to the Ocean,
For ever and for ever.
When the May-month is come,
When the year is fresh and young,
I will go to the home of my fathers—
The land of sword and song.

I will go where Killarney
Is sleeping in peaceful rest,
Unmoved, save when a falling leaf
Ripples its placid breast ;
Where the branches of oak and arbutus
Are weaving a pleasant screen,
And the sunshine breaks in diamonds
Through its tracery of green ;
Where the mists, like fantastic spectres,
For ever rise and fall,
And the rainbow of the Covenant
Is spanning the mountains tall.

When the wind blows from the West,
Across the deep Sea,
I will sail to my Innisfail,
To the "Isle of Destiny."

I will go to beautiful Wicklow,
The hunted outlaw's rest,
Which the tread of rebel and rapparee
In many a struggle prest ;
I will go to the lonely graveyard,
Near the pleasant fields of Kildare,
And pray for my chief and my hero,
Young Tone, who is sleeping there ;
I will go to the gloomy Thomas-street,
Where gallant Robert died,
And to the grim St. Michan's,
Where " the Brothers " lie side by side ;
I will go to where the heroes
Of the Celts are laid,
And chant a *Miserere*
For the souls of the mighty Dead

I will seize my pilgrim staff,
And cheerily wander forth,
From the smiling face of the South
To the black frown of the North ;
And in some hour of twilight
I will mount the tall Slieve-Bloom,
And weave me a picture-vision
In the evening's pleasant gloom :
I will call up the buried leaders
Of the ancient Celtic race,
And gaze with a filial fondness
On each sternly-noble face—
The masters of the mind,
And the chieftains of the steel,
Young Carolan and Grattan,
The M'Caura and O'Neill ;

I will learn from their voices,
 With a student's love and pride,
 To live as they lived,
 And to die as they died.
 Oh, I will sail from the West,
 And never more will part
 From the ancient home of my people—
 The land of the loving heart.¹

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning,
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting :—
 "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 "Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind
 dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's
 stirring ;
 Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I
 wonder?"
 "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your
 stool on,
 And singing, all wrong, that old song of 'The Coolin'?"

¹ From the "American Review," 1851.

There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
 And he whispers, with face bent, “I'm waiting for you,
 love ;
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
 brightly.”

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring, &c.

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers,
 Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers ;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the
 other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
 Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings ;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings ;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and
 moving,
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight
 are roving.

THE EVICTION.

MICHAEL SEGRAVE.¹

A WRETCHED quilt, and bed of straw—
 A shrunken Frame, and hoary hair ;
 Full eighty winters' snows she saw,
 Now famine's fever laid her there ;

¹ A working man, a weaver by trade, an Irishman, residing in Barnsley, Yorkshire.

And Malachi, her boy, is gone
Across the broad Atlantic wave ;
A daughter of her eldest son
Is left to see her in her grave—

A maiden purer than the glow
That tints the snow when Spring is bright ;
Now down her cheeks the hot tears flow,
And she has watched the dreary night,
Oft startled by the dismal croak,
The raven's and the banshee's cry ;
Nor tasted sleep till daylight broke—
O God, what horror meets her eye !

A band of ruffians burst the door,
With huge crowbar, and torch in hand,
Sent by their ruthless lord to clear
The rightful owners off the land,
Whose muscles raised his fairy hall,
Whose sweat increased his pampered pride ;
Poor slaves ! though they seemed happy all
Before the former landlord died.

Now famine is the peasant's lot—
And hear the hapless maiden pray,
“For pity spare this humble cot
Till that shrunk Form be laid in clay !”
But “fire the thatch, the birds will fly !”
That landlord's cry,—she hears no more ;
The light has fled her once bright eye,
And she sinks senseless on the floor.

* * * * *

The people fly from hill and vale,
While flames illuminate the sky,
And learn grim oppression's tale
With fiery vengeance in each eye ;

And foremost was a youth as brave
As ever trod the earth before ;
He raised her in his arms—" Oh, save—
She's breathing now—she is no more !

" Oh, speak, Kathleen, my darling bright,
My own adored Cushla-ma-chree !

Ah, no, thy spirit's ta'en its flight !

Revenge is all that's left to me."

" Oh, patience, youth," a voice now spoke,

" To-night, at ten, we meet to try

The villain who has dealt death's stroke,

And by God's light he'll surely die !"

The pale moon issued from a cloud,

The earth received its murdered dead,

And, paler than the victim's shroud,

The lover o'er the mountain sped :

A cavern reached—the jury there—

The murderer is guilty found !

" Then ere to-morrow's sun, I swear

To fell the tyrant to the ground !"

Now daylight bounds with happy speed,

The hounds are panting for the chase ;

His lordship on a prancing steed

Comes forth—ha ! who said, " Villain base !"

The dreaded voice rings in his ear—

" Vile murderer, thy day is o'er !"

The tyrant shakes with rage and fear—

And groans—and falls to rise no more.

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

ANDREW CHERRY.¹

THERE's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it ;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through
the mireland ;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in ;
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through
the mireland ;
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;
And still through the bog, through the brake, through
the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of
Ireland,
The sweet littleshamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

¹ Born in Limerick, 1780 ; wrote "The Bay of Biscay," and "Tom Moody ;" was manager of the London theatre in which Edmund Kean made his first appearance.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

JOHN FITZGERALD.¹

The Anglo-Irish tradition connected with the origin of the word "Blarney," as applied to an insinuating and persuasive address, is, that one of the chiefs of the district having visited the court of Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of making an appeal to her, urged his cause with so much tact and eloquence, that the Queen, on hearing the interpretation of his speech, turned to one of her courtiers, and asked—"What part of Ireland is this goodly chieftain from?" and having been answered, "From Blarney," she ever after used the word when any one of her courtiers sought by plausible representation to win her favour to their cause. The genuine Irish tradition connected with the stone is given in the following verses, by one who has had it direct from the voices which were afloat upon the air, while he was reposing by the wooded shores of the waters near. Blarney was a place of note in the Druidical ages. A huge *Cromleac*, or Druid-altar, stands there still, in a space of wonderful beauty, a little below the *Witch's Stairs*, on the margin of the *camán*. The Four Masters, at A. M. 3501, mention the *Carrac Blarne*, or Rock of Blarney. The stone usually appealed to now, by the touching of lips, is not the genuine stone. That lies much farther down, built in the walls of the Castle; to kiss it, the neophyte must be lowered, head downwards, by ropes. So the late parish priest of Blarney, Father Horgan, used to say, and he was a man of great traditionary learning. Of course, at the period to which the tradition refers, though only 700 years since, the waters of the Lee were far deeper than they are now, and shells of great size and splendour were abundant on the shore.

ON a moss-clad stone by the sparkling Lee,

In the mystic days of old,
Sat a being fair as the eye could see,
Who played on a harp of gold;
And sang sweet music, soft and rare,
As the zephyrs tossed her flowing hair.

"Oh, come, young chieftain, come," she sang,

"Thou art beautiful and brave,
And thy heart shall feel no grief or pang

In our home beneath the wave,
While thou art sitting by my side,
And the harp is touched by your fairy bride.

¹ A wood-carver, residing in Cork, supporting a large family by the labour of his hands.

"The wealth of the ocean is at thy call
In our fairy land of dreams,
Where age ne'er comes to fade or pall ;
And the music of fairy streams
Shall lull thee to sleep on thy flow'ry bed,
And the crown of our kingdom shall deck thy head.

"This land is lovely as aught on earth,
But is nought compared to mine ;
For sorrow tracks your love and mirth,
And your light doth seldom shine."
"Hold! Fairy queen," and he raised his hand,
"Tis Erin still, and my native land.

"I love its mountains, wild and free,
Where shines the hand of God ;
And, oh ! I love my native Lee,
And its shamrock-spangled sod ;
While I unfettered here can roam,
Oh, lure me not to your fairy home."

"Ha! free young chief, it will not be long
Ere freedom leaves your shore,
And these hills that echoed the patriots' song
Shall echo those strains no more,
When the Saxon churl, with lying tongue,
Has over your island his fetters flung."

"Oh, tempt me not ; my place is here,
If danger is so nigh ;
Far better meet a bloody bier,
Than like a coward fly ;
For I will not sheathe my father's brand
While a Saxon lives to curse the land !"

The fairy flung her harp aside,
And gazed on him with grief,

And stepped upon the rippling tide,
Beside the youthful chief ;
And crouched within a glowing shell,
And slowly sank as she cried, Farewell !

The young chief sat on the moss-clad stone,
And pondered the fairy's words ;
'Till he heard a Saxon trumpet blown,
And the clang of Saxon swords ;
And a crimson flush is on his brow,
For a score to one is around him now.

No mercy from the foe he sought—
But wild his proud eyes gleam,
And gallantly the chieftain fought,
Like a flashing lightning beam ;
But he fell at length, without a groan,
And his red blood dyed the moss-clad stone.

The fairy came to the spot again,
When the moon came o'er the hills ;
And her sorrow for the hero slain
The dew-clad valley fills,
As she stooped beside the silent flood,
And kissed the stone dyed with his blood.

His clansmen laid him in the dell,
Where branches o'er him quiver ;
Beside the spot he loved so well,
The ever-sparkling river ;
Where oft the fairy queen has sighed,
Above the stone on which he died.

And time rolled over swift and fast,
On rock and tree and flower ;
And the moss-clad stone was built at last
In Blarney Castle tower,
And they who kiss it, old or young,
Are gifted with the Fairy Tongue.

WISHES AND WISHES.

FRANCIS DAVIS.¹

Oh! know ye the wish of the true, the true!
Oh! know ye the wish of the true?

'Tis to see the slave's hand
Whirling liberty's brand,
As its toil-nurtured muscles could do,
And the wide world's oppressors in view:
God ripen the wish of the true!

Then hurrah for the wish of the true, the true!
Hurrah for the wish of the true!

And another hurrah
For the fast coming day,
When the many shall preach to the few,
From a gospel as pure as the dew—
Oh! there's hope in that wish of the true!

Oh! know ye the wish of the proud, the proud!
Oh! know ye the wish of the proud?

'Tis to empty their veins,
'Mid the crashing of chains,
Ay, the veins of their heart, if allowed,
So the neck of oppression be bound—
What a holy wish that of the proud!

Then hurrah for the wish of the brave, the brave!
Hurrah for the wish of the brave!

And hurrah for the hand,
And the casque-cleaving brand,
That the rights of a nation can save,
Or redeem by its world-lightening wave—
Heaven bless the broad brand of the brave!

¹ Of Belfast.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

ELLEN FORRESTER.¹

- "REMEMBER, Denis, all I bade you say;
 Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
 But of our troubles, since he went away,
 You'll mind, avick, and never say a word;
 Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share:
 The finest summer isn't always fair.
- "Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
 She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
 Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
 But tell him God to us was ever kind;
 And when the fever spread the country o'er,
 His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.
- "Be sure you tell him how the neighbours came
 And cut the corn; and stored it in the barn;
 'T would be as well to mention them by name—
 Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Caru,
 And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
 But say, agra—Oh, say I missed him still.
- "They came with ready hands our toil to share—
 'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;
 I felt, although kind hearts were around me there,
 The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
 Strong hand! brave heart! oh, severed far from
 me
 By many a weary league of shore and sea.

¹ Of the county of Monaghan, now resident in Manchester; author of "Simple Strains" (Henderson, London).

"And tell him she was with us—he'll know who :
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
I ever saw except in summer skies ?
And such black hair ! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

"Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die,
Crouched by the road side how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

"Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light ;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight :
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

"Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night ;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

THE APOSTLE'S GRAVE.

JOHN FITZGERALD.¹

THE autumn winds went howling past,
The sere leaf rustled in the blast,

¹ Author of the legendary ballad of "The Blarney Stone ;" a tradesman of Cork city.

The thick dull rain fell pattering slow
On the quiet homes of the dead below.
My heart was sad as I raised my eye
To the hurrying clouds in the dull grey sky,
And the cypress trees did sadly wave,
As I knelt beside the Apostle's grave.

I thought what a shadow was earthly fame,
And what was the use of an honoured name ;
That he who sleeps 'neath that cold wet stone
Had toiled unaided, and struggled alone,
And Erin freed from the iron thrall
Of the damning arch-fiend Alcohol ;
And all he had gained in the land of his birth
Was that simple cross and six feet of earth.

I looked, and away the dark clouds rolled,
And the sun looked out through banks of gold,
And the rainbow spanned the sparkling sod
Like the jewelled gate of the house of God ;
And from the old stone cross¹ I heard
The joyous song of that sacred bird
Who reddened his breast against the bleeding side
Of Him who on that cross had died.
The prayers of the poor and the tears they shed
Are the honours paid o'er his humble bed.

¹ A simple stone cross, of massive proportions, without ornament of any kind, was erected by Father Mathew himself in the cemetery which he established in Cork, and under this, at his own desire, his remains are interred. Overshadowing it grows a cedar of Lebanon, and close to it are always to be seen some of the poor at prayer.

DRIMIN DONN DILIS.¹JOHN WALSH.²

OH! Drimin donn dilis! the landlord has come,
 Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our
 home;
 He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
 Poor, houseless, and homeless, to-night must we lie.

My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
 My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
 Oh! Drimin donn dilis, 'tis hard to forgive
 When a robber denies us the right we should live.

With my health and my strength, with hard labour and
 toil,
 I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the harsh soil;
 I moiled the long day through, from morn till even,
 And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.

The summer shone round us above and below,
 The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow:
 Oh! 'tis hard to forget it, and think I must bear
 That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

¹ "*Druim-fionn*," white-backed, is the favourite name of a cow in the Gaelic tongue. In "*The Ballad Poetry of Ireland*," published by James Duffy, Dublin, and edited by Charles Gavan Duffy, there is given a translation by J. J. Callanan, of Cork, of a popular Irish Jacobite song, spirited, and highly characteristic of the country. "*Drimin*" is also one of the allegorical names which the people applied to Ireland, by which they sheltered their expressions of love for their country, when it was a crime to praise her. Owenson, father of Lady Morgan, used to sing on the Irish stage the old song, "*Drimin Dhown Dheelsh*, thou silk of the kine," with such feeling as to bring tears to the eyes of all listeners who had any sympathy for their country. "*Dhown*" means "brown," and "*dheelsh*" is a term expressive of the fondest affection.

² Of Cappoquin, a town on the Blackwater, between Lismore and Cork.

Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
And never was wanted the methers of milk ;
For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

How often you left the green side of the hill,
To stretch in the shade, and to drink of the rill !
And often I freed you before the grey dawn,
From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

But they racked and they ground me with tax and
with rent,
Till my heart it was sore, and my life-blood was spent :
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world,
With the mocking of fiends from my home was I
hurled.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not
there ; [came,
Oh ! wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell ;
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well ;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life, and a brand on his brow.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.¹

COLUMBIA the free is the land of my birth,
And my paths have been all on American earth ;

¹ Author of a little volume entitled "Dunboy, and other Poems."

But my blood is as Irish as any can be,
And my heart is with Erin afar o'er the sea.

My father and mother, and friends all around,
Are daughters and sons of the sainted old ground :
They rambled its bright plains and mountains among,
And filled its fair valleys with laugh and with song.

But I sing their sweet music, and often they own
It is true to old Ireland in style and in tone ;
I dance their gay dances, and hear them with glee
Say each touch tells of Erin afar o'er the sea.

I have tufts of green shamrock in sods they brought o'er ;
I have shells they picked up ere they stepped from the
shore ;
I have books that are treasures—the fondest I hold
Is "The Melodies," clasped and nigh covered with
gold.

My pictures are pictures of scenes that are dear
For the beauties they are, or the glories they were,
And of good men and great men whose merits shall be
Long the pride of green Erin afar o'er the sea.

If I were in beautiful Dublin to-day,
'To the spots I hold sacred I'd soon find my way ;
For I know where O'Connell and Curran are laid,
And where loved Robert Emmet sleeps cold "in the
shade."

And if I were in Wexford, how fondly I'd trace
Each field I have marked on my maps of the place,
Where the brave 'Ninety-Eight men poured hotly and
free
Their blood for dear Erin afar o'er the sea !

Dear home of my fathers! I'd hold thee to blame,
And my cheeks would at times take the crimson of
shame,

Did thy sad tale not show, in each sorrow-stained line,
That the might of thy tyrant was greater than thine.

But her soldiers are many, abroad and at home,
Her ships on all oceans are ploughing the foam,
And her wealth is untold—sure no equal was she
For my poor plundered Erin afar o'er the sea.

Yet they tell me the strife is not yet given o'er—
That the gallant old Island will try it once more ;
And will call, with her harp, when her flag is unfurled,
Her sons, and *their* sons from the ends of the world.

If so, I've a heart never shaken with fear,
A brain that can plan, and a hand that can dare ;
And the summons will scarce have died out when I'll be
'Mid the green fields of Erin afar o'er the sea.

THE RAPPAREE'S HORSE AND SWORD.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Air—"Oh! say, my brown drimin!"

My name is Mac Sheehy, from Feal's swelling flood,
A Rapparee rover by mountain and wood,
I've two trusty comrades to serve me at need--
This sword by my side, and my gallant grey steed.

Now where did I get them, my gallant grey steed,
And this sword true and trusty, to serve me at need?
This sword was my father's—in battle he died ;
And I reared bold Osgur by Feal's woody side!

I've said it, and say it, and care not who hear,
Myself and grey Osgur have never known fear :
There's a dint in my helmet, a hole through his ear—
'Twas the same bullet made them at Limerick last
year !

And the soldier who fired it was still ramming down,
When this long sword came right with a slash on his
crown—
Dar Dia ! but he'll never fire musket again ;
For his skull lies in two at the side of the glen !

When they caught us one day at the castle of Brugh,
Of our black-hearted foemen the deadliest crew,
Like a bolt from the thunder grey Osgur went through,
And, my sword ! long they'll weep at the sore taste of
you !

Together we sleep 'neath the wild crag or tree ;
My soul, but there ne'er were such comrades as we !
I, Brian the Rover, my two friends at need
This sword by my side and my gallant grey steed !

FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

THE sun is setting angrily,
In threat'ning gusts the wind is blowing ;
Holy Mary ! Star of the Sea !
Speed our small bark fast and free
O'er the homeward way we're going !

We left the land as the morning bright
Purpled the smooth sea all before us ;

We prayed to God, and our hearts were light,
We placed our bark in thy saving sight,
And knew thou would'st well watch o'er us.

But now the sun sets angrily,
From black wild clouds the wind is blowing ;
Holy Mary ! Star of the Sea !
Send our small bark fast and free
O'er the darkling way we're going !

We fished the deep the live-long day ;
The waves were rich, through God's good pleasure ;
We ventured far from our own bright bay,
And lingered late ; we fain would stay,
Till filled with the shining treasure.

But now the night falls threat'ningly,
The seas run high with the fierce wind blowing ;
Holy Mary ! Star of the Sea !
Our light, our guide, our safety be,
O'er the stormy way we're going !

We pass the point where the tempest's strain
Is lighten'd off by the land's high cover ;
Our village lights shine out again—
I know my own in my window pane,
And the tall church glooming over.

Holy Mary ! Star of the Sea !
With grateful love our hearts are glowing ;
Behold, we bless Thy Son and thee !
Oh, still our light and safety be
O'er the last dread course we're going !

THE CAILÍN DEAS.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M. D.

Air—"Cailín dear crúíðte na m-bó!"¹

THE gold rain of eve was descending,
 Bright purple robed mountain and tree,
 As I through Glenmornein² was wending,
 A wanderer from o'er the blue sea.
 'Twas the lap of a West-looking mountain,
 Its woody slope bright with the glow,
 Where sang by a murmuring fountain,
 An cailín dear crúíðte na m-bó.

Dark clouds where a gold tinge reposes
 But picture her brown wavy hair;
 And her teeth looked as if in a rose's
 Red bosom a snow-flake gleamed fair.
 As her tones down the green dell went ringing,
 The list'ning thrush mimicked them low,
 And the brooklet harped soft to the singing
 Of cailín dear crúíðte na m-bó.

"At last, o'er thy long night, dear Erin,
 Dawns the Sun of thy Freedom!" sang she;
 "But thy mountaineers still are despairing—
 Ah, he who 'mid bondmen was free,
 Ah, my Diarmid, the Patriot-hearted,
 Who would fire them with hope for the blow,
 Far, Erin! from thee is he parted,
 Far from cailín dear crúíðte na m-bó."

¹ "An cailín deas cruidte nam-bo," should be pronounced by the mere English reader as "collyeen das crootia na mo;" it signifies,

"The pretty girl of the milking of cows," or the pretty milkmaid.

² A beautiful glen in Tyrone.

Her tears on a sudden brimmed over,
 Her voice trembled low and less clear ;
 To listen, I stepped from my cover,
 But the bough-rustle broke on her ear :
 She started—she reddened—"A Stoirin !
 My Diarmid !—Oh, *can* it be so ?"
 And I clasped to my glad heart sweet Moirin,
 Mo caílin dear *crúíöce na m-bó* !

OWEN REILLY : A KEEN.

From the Irish.

CLARENCE MANGAN, TRANSLATOR.

OH ! lay aside the flax, and put away the wheel,
 And sing with me, but not in gladness
 The heart that's in my breast is like to break with
 sadness—
 God, God alone knows what I feel !

There's a lone, a vacant place beside the cheerless
 hearth,
 A spot my eyes are straining after—
 Oh ! never more from thence will ring my boy's light
 laughter,
 The out-gushing of his young heart's mirth !

No more will his hands clasp the cross before the shrine
 Of Christ's immaculate Virgin Mother !
 Never, oh ! never more will he pour forth another
 Prayer for himself, or me, or mine !

The young men on the mountain sides will miss—miss
long,
The fleetest hurler of their number,
Powerless, alas! to-night in death's unbroken slumber,
Lies he, the Lithe of Limb, the Strong!

Oh! raise the keen, young women, o'er my darling's
grave—
Oh! kneel in prayer o'er his low dwelling;
At break of day this morn there knelt his mother
telling
Her beads for him she could not save!

Oh! plant, young men, the shamrock near my darling's
head,
And raise the hardy fir-tree over
The spot: the strange wayfarer then will know they
cover
My Oweneen's dark burial bed!

Heard ye not, yestreen, the banshee deplore
His death on heath-clad Killinvalen?
"Ul-ullalu!" she cried, "a green young oak is fallen;
For Owen Reilly lives no more!"

There stands a lone grey hazel tree in Glen-na-rec,
Whose green leaves but bud forth and wither—
I sigh and groan as often as I wander thither,
For I am like that lone greytrees!

My four beloved sons, where are they? have they not
Left me a wreck here all as lonely?
They withered and they died! I, their old mother,
Remain to weep and wail their lot!

But I will follow them now soon ; for oft amid
The storm I hear their voices calling
“ Come home ! ” and in my dreams I see the cold clay
falling
Heavily on my coffin-lid !

When the dark night films o’er my eyes, oh ! let me be
Laid out by Aileen Bawn Devany ;
And let the lights around me at my wake be as many
As the white hairs yet left to me !

See that the tall white slender gowans blow and bloom
In the grass round my headstone brightly ;
I would not have the little orphan-daisy nightly
Mourning in solitude and gloom !

Let there be shrieking on the hill and in the glen,
Throughout the length and breadth of Galway’s
Green land ! where Kathleen Dubh Reilly has herself
been always
The Queen of Keeners : mourn her, then !

Lights will be seen to dance along Carn Corra’s height,
And through the burial-field ; but follow
Them not, young men and women ! for, o’er hill and
hollow,
They will but lure to Death and Night !

But, come ye to my grave when, in the days of May,
The gladsome sun and skies grow warmer,
And say, “ Here sleeps Kathleen, where tempest can-
not harm her—
Soft be her narrow bed of clay ! ”

And count your beads, and pray, “ Rest her poor soul,
O God !
She willed no ill to breathing mortal—

Grant her then, Thou, a place within Heaven's blessed
portal,
Now that her bones lie in the sod!"

FINEEN THE ROVER.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Air—"You'd think, if you heard their pipes squealing."

AN old castle towers o'er the billow
That thunders by Cleena's green land,
And there dwelt as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt by the hand.
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty score sailors,
Oh, who but the Rover holds sway?
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as the wave of the sea!

The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
They harried his lands with their powers;
He gave them a taste of his cannon,
And drove them like wolves from his towers.
The men of Clan London brought over
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;
They met him by Mizen's wild highland,
And the sharks crunched their bones 'neath the
wave!
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,
Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
With step like the red stag of Beara,
And voice like the bold sounding sea.

Long time in that old battered castle,
 Or out on the waves with his clan,
 He feasted, and ventured, and conquered,
 But ne'er struck his colours to man.
 In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country
 He died as a brave man should die ;
 And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
 Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky !
 Then, ho ! for Fineen the Rover,
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free ;
 With eye like the Osprey's at morning,
 And smile like the sun on the sea.

THE NEW RACE.

AUBREY DE VERE.

O YE who have vanquished the land, and retain it,
 How little ye know what ye miss of delight !
 There are worlds in her heart—could ye seek it or
 gain it—
 That would clothe a true noble with glory and
 might.
 What is she, this isle which ye trample and ravage,
 Which ye plough with oppression, and reap with the
 sword,
 But a harp never strung in the hall of a savage,
 Or a fair wife embraced by a husband abhorred ?

The chiefs of the Gael were the people embodied !
 The chiefs were the blossoms, the people the root ;
 Their conquerors, the Normans, high-souled and high-
 blooded,
 Grew Irish at last from the scalp to the foot.

And ye!—ye are hirelings and satraps, not nobles!
 Your slaves, they detest you; your masters, they
 scorn!
 The river lives on—but the sun-painted bubbles
 Pass quick, to the rapids incessantly borne.

THE LULLABY.

OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.¹

EDWARD WALSH—TRANSLATOR.²

HUSH, baby mine, and weep no more;
 Each gem thy regal fathers wore,
 When Erinn, Emerald Isle, was free,
 Thy poet-sire bequeaths to thee!
 Hush, baby dear, and weep no more!
 Hush, baby mine, my treasured store;
 My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
 Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

The steed of golden housings rare,
 Bestowed by glorious Falvey Fair,
 The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,
 In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!
 Hush, baby dear.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
 That flashed despair on foeman's flight;
 And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow,
 That at Clontarf laid heroes low!
 Hush, baby dear.

¹ His extempore effusion, to soothe the sorrows of his child, the mother being absent.

² Died at Cork, in 1850. About seven years after his demise a few of the working men of Cork raised, in the Mathew Cemetery, a graceful monument to his memory.

The courier hound that tidings bore
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore ;
An eagle fierce, a bird of song,
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.
Hush, baby dear.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,
And Dearmid's host-compelling spear ;
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,
When fierce Mac Treon beneath him bled.
Hush, baby dear.

Son of old chiefs ! to thee is due
The gift Aoife gave her champions true,
That sealed for aye Ferdia's doom,
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb.
Hush, baby dear.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,
That viewless left the chief who laid
Whole hosts beneath his battle-blade !
Hush, baby dear.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,
Mac Duivne's life-protecting brand,
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe
Pursued his path with shaft and bow !
Hush, baby dear.

And dainty and rich beoir¹ I'll bring,
And raiment meet for chief and king ;

¹ A liquor, anciently made from mountain-heath.

But gift and song shall yield to joy—
 Thy mother comes to greet her boy !
 Hush, baby dear, and weep no more ;
 Hush, baby mine, my treasured store ;
 My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
 Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

SLIAV NA-MBAN.

A BALLAD OF 'NINETY-EIGHT.

From the Irish.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M. D., TRANSLATOR.

Air—"Not more welcome the fairy numbers."

WEEP the great Departed—the Patriot-hearted !
 With life they parted for Ireland's right ;
 To them give glory, while tyrants gory
 Spread the false story, "They fled in fright."
 Oh, 'twas small our terror ! we fell to Error—
 No chiefs there were, or an ordered van ;
 Yet when came war's rattle, we fled not battle,
 Though like herdless cattle on Sliav-na-Man !

May the grief each ray shuns curse their impatience,
 Who did haste our Nation's uprise from night,
 Ere the South could gather its clans together,
 And on this heather with the West unite !
 Our camp had warriors !—Ay, Freedom's barriers !
 The God-sent carriers of Slav'ry's van !
 Oh ! no spy had found them—no fetter bound them—
 We'd be freed men round them on Sliav-na-man.

Though at Ross defeated, few, few retreated ;
Death comes—they meet it with push of pike !
Then were dragged the *dying*, and poor babes crying,
The flames to lie in, from ditch and dyke ;
Ye who wreaked this slaughter, for the crimes you
wrought there
We swear, like water your blood shall run ;
Yet, savage yeomen, of hell an omen,
We'll meet ye, foemen, on Sliav-na-man !

Ah ! many an old man, and star-bright bold man,
Who long did hold on to free their Isle,
Lie pale and markless, in deathly starkness,
Bowed down in darkness of dungeon vile.
There, eve and morning, they bear all scorning,
Threats, lashes, mourning, that their tyrants plan :
We'll pay soon your labours, O coward neighbours !
With our trusty sabres on Sliav-na-man !

For on the Ocean are ships in motion,
And glad devotion on France's shore ;
And rumour's telling ; " They'll now be sailing
To help the Gael in the Right once more."
Oh ! if true's that story, by my hopes of glory,
Like the glad bird o'er me I'll lilt my rann !
Were the robber routed, the Saxon flouted,
How we would shout it, old Sliav-na-man !

Ho ! the clowns are quaking, and counsel taking,
Good times are making their firm approach,
When those who weakly still preach, " Bear meekly,"
Will mourn all bleakly in dark reproach ;
While gold and chattel, broad lands and cattle,
Pay them whose battle made freedom dawn ;
And wayside dances our joy enhances,
With the gold fire-glances o'er Sliav-na-man !

MAC KENNA'S DREAM.¹*Street Ballad.*

ONE night of late I chanced to stray,
 When all the Green in slumber lay,
 The moon sunk in the deep ;
 I sat upon a ruined mound,
 And while the wild wind whistled round,
 The ocean with a solemn sound
 Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw that hero true
 Who did the Danish force subdue ;
 His sabre bright with wrath he drew ;
 These words he said to me :
 " The Harp, with rapture, yet shall sound,
 My children's chains shall be unbound,
 And they shall gather safe around
 The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
 And to my question made reply,
 " For Erinn's cause I'll live and die
 As thousands did before ;
 My sword again on Aughrim's plain
 Old Erinn's rights shall well maintain,
 Through millions in the battle slain,
 And thousands in their gore."

¹ This ballad seems an especial favourite with "the common people." In every handful of Street Ballad Slips, whether printed in Belfast, Dublin, or Cork, I have found this turning up. I have abridged the ballad, as the rustic author seems to have indulged his love of rhyming, and of summoning the Great Departed to his mind's eye, to an extent that might tire the patience of my readers.

I thought St. Ruth stood on the ground,
And said, "I'll be your monarch crowned,
Encompassed by the French around,
All marching to the field."
He raised a Cross, and thus did say,
"Brave boys, we'll show them gallant play ;
Let no man dare disgrace the day ;
We'll die before we yield."

The brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, bright and fair,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare
To march at his command ;
Westmeath and Cavan too did join,
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan too did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword, both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave.
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died, rather than live a slave,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy came to say,
"Behold, my lord, I'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,
From Wexford's hills and caves :
Our country's fate, it sure depends
On us, and on our gallant friends ;
And heaven will their cause defend,
Who ne'er were willing slaves."

I thought the band played "Patrick's Day,"
To marshal all in grand array ;
With cap and feather white and gay,
 They marched in warlike glow,
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill,
And cannon upon every hill,
And pikemen, who with valour thrill
 To strike the fatal blow.

When, all at once, appeared in sight
An army clad in armour bright ;
Both front, and rere, and left, and right,
 Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrants' blood to spill ;
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
 As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up, and said—
" Let Erinn's sons be not dismayed ;
To glory I'll the vanguard lead
 To honour and renown ;
Come, bravely draw your swords with me,
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erinn's daughters must be free
 Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying " Quick march, right about !"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
 To face the deadly foe :
The enemy were no-ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh ;
Now thousands in death-struggle lie,
 And streams of crimson flow.

The enemy made such a square
As drove our cavalry to despair,

Who were nigh routed, rank and rere,
But yet not forced to yield.
The Wexford boys, that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for Liberty,
As the enemy all broken flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain,
Except the men who wounded lay:
When I awoke 'twas break of day—
So ends Mac Kenna's dream.

BROSNA'S BANKS.

J. FRAZER.¹

YES, yes, I idled many an hour—
Oh! would that I could idle now,
In wooing back the withered flower
Of health into my wasted brow!
But from my life's o'ershadowing close,
My unimpassioned spirit ranks
Among its happiest moments those
I idled on the Brosna's Banks.

For there upon my boyhood broke
The dreamy voice of nature first;
And every word that vision spoke,
How deeply has my spirit nursed!

¹ Died in Dublin, in 1849: a cabinet maker, a steady and unassuming workman; author of a volume of patriotic verse; was born on the banks of the Brosna, in the King's County.

A woman's love, a lyre, or pen,
A rescued land, a nation's thanks ;
A friendship with the world, and then
A grave upon the Brosna's Banks.

For these I sued, and sought, and strove ;
But now my youthful days are gone,
In vain, in vain ; for woman's love
Is still a blessing to be won ;
And still my country's cheek is wet,
The still unbroken fetter clanks,
And I may not forsake her yet
To die upon the Brosna's Banks.

Yet, idle as those visions seem,
They were a strange and faithful guide,
When Heaven itself had scarce a gleam
To light my darkened life beside ;
And if, from grosser guilt escaped,
I feel no dying dread, the thanks
Are due unto the power that shaped
My visions on the Brosna's Banks.

And love, I feel, will come at last,
Albeit too late to comfort me ;
And fetters from the land be cast,
Though I may not survive to see.
If then the gifted, good, and brave
Admit me to their glorious ranks,
My memory may, though not my grave,
Be green upon the Brosna's Banks.

THE BARD ETHELL.

Thirteenth Century.

AUBREY DE VÈRE.

[The Bard Ethell, now blind and old, son of Conn, and clansman to Brian, having told who he is, where he dwells, and how he lives, proceeds to tell of King Malachi.]

THERE never was King, and never will be,
In battle or banquet like Malachi !
The Seers his reign had predicted long ;
He honoured the bards, and gave gold for song.
If rebels arose, he put out their eyes ;
If robbers plundered or burned the fanes,
He hung them in chaplets, like rosaries,
That others beholding might take more pains !
There was none to women more reverent-minded,
For he held his mother, and Mary, dear ;
If any man wronged them, that man he blinded,
Or straight amerced him of hand or ear.
There was none who founded more convents—none ;
In his palace the old and poor were fed ;
The orphan might walk, or the widow's son,
Without groom or page to his throne or bed.
In his council he mused, with great brows divine,
And eyes like the eyes of the musing kine,
Upholding a sceptre whereon there sate,
With her wings o'er empires, a sleep-tranced Fate.
He drained ten lakes, and he built ten bridges ;
He bought a gold book for a thousand cows ;
He slew ten princes who brake their pledges ;
With the bribed and the base he scorned to carouse.
He was sweet and awful ; through all his reign
God gave great harvests to vale and plain ;
From his nurse's milk he was kind and brave ;
And when he went down to his well-wept grave,

Through the triumph of penance his soul uprose
To God and the Saints. Not so his foes!

[The Bard Ethell's account of the King who succeeded Malachi.]

The King who came after! ah, woe, woe, woe!

He doubted his friend, and trusted his foe;

He bought and he sold; his kingdom old

He pledged and he pawned to avenge a spite;

No bard or prophet his birth foretold;

He was guarded and warded both day and night;

He counselled with fools, and had boors at his feast;

He was cruel to Christian, and kind to beast;

Men smiled when they talked of him far o'er the wave;

Well paid were the mourners who wept o'er his grave.

God plagued for his sake his people sore:

They sinned; for the people should watch and pray,

That their prayers, like angels at window and door,

May keep from the king the bad thoughts away!

[The Bard Ethell's picture of Norna, a young girl to whom he had been an instructor.]

The sun has risen: on lip and brow

He greets me—I feel it—with golden wand.

Ah, bright-faced Norna! I see thee now—

Where first I saw thee I see thee stand!

From the trellis the girl looked down on me;

Her maidens stood near; it was late in spring;

The grey priest laughed as she cried in glee;

“Good bard, a song in my honour sing.”

I sang her praise in a loud-voiced hymn

To God who had fashioned her, face and limb,

For the praise of the clan and the land's behoof;

So she flung me a flower from the trellis roof.

Ere long I saw her the hill descending—

O'er the lake the May morning rose moist and slow,

She prayed me (her smile with the sweet voice blending)

To teach her all that a woman should know.

Panting she stood ; she was out of breath ;
The wave of her little breast was shaking ;
From eyes still childish, and dark as death,
Came womanhood's dawn through a dew-cloud
breaking.

Norna was never long time the same ;
By a spirit so strong was her slight form moulded,
The curves swelled out of the flower-like frame
In joy ; in grief to a bud she folded :
As she listened, her eyes grew bright and large,
Like springs rain-fed that dilate their marge.

[The Bard Ethell's instruction of Norna.]

So I taught her the hymn of Patrick the Apostle,
And the marvels of Bridget and Columbkille ;
And ere long she sang like the lark or the throstle,
Sang the deeds of the servants of God's high will :
I told her of Brendan, who found afar
Another world 'neath the western star ;
Of our three great bishops in Lindisfarne isle ;
Of St. Fursey the wond'rous, Fiacre without guile ;
Of Scotus the subtle, who clove a hair
Into sixty parts, and had marge to spare.
To her brother I spake of Oisín and Fionn,
And they wept at the death of great Oisín's son.
I taught the heart of the boy to revel
In tales of old greatness that never tire ;
And the virgin's, up-springing from earth's low level,
To wed with heaven like the altar fire.
I taught her all that a woman should know,
And that none should teach her worse lore, I gave
her
A dagger keen, and taught her the blow
That subdues the knave to discreet behaviour.
A sand-stone there on my knee she set,
And sharpened its point—I can see her yet—

I held back her hair and she sharpened the edge,
While the wind piped low through the reeds and sedge.

[The Bard Ethell again speaks of himself—of the Saxon rule which is reported to be spreading over Erin; the truth of which rumour he doubts—and concludes thus:—]

Ah me, that man who is made of dust
Should have pride towards God ! 'tis an Angel's sin
I have often feared lest God, the All-just,
Should bend from heaven, and sweep earth clean,
Should sweep us all into corners and holes,
Like dust of the house-floor, both bodies and souls :
I have often feared He would send some wind
In wrath, and the nation wake up stone-blind !
In age or in youth we have all wrought ill—
I say not our great King Niall did well
(Although he was Lord of the pledges nine),
When, beside subduing this land of Eire,
He raised in Armorica banner and sign,
And wasted the British coast with fire.
Perhaps in his mercy the Lord will say,
" These men, these men ! 'twas a rough boy-play !"
He is certain, that young Franciscan priest,
God sees great sins where men see least.
Yet this were to give unto God the eye
(Unmeet the thought) of the humming fly !
I trust there are small things He scorns to see
In the lowly who cry to him piteously.
Our hope is Christ. I have wept full oft
He came not to Eire in Oisín's time ;
Though love and those new monks would make men
soft,
If they were not hardened by war and rhyme.
I have done my part ; my end draws nigh ;
I shall leave old Eire with a smile and sigh ;
She will miss not me as I missed my son ;
Yet for her and her praise were my best deeds done.

Man's deeds! Man's deeds! they are shades that fleet,
 Or ripples like those that break at my feet.
 The deeds of my chief and the deeds of my king
 Grow hazy, far seen, in the hills in spring.

Nothing is great save the death on the cross!

But Pilate and Herod I hate, and know

Had Fionn lived then he had laid them low,
 Though the world thereby had sustained great loss.

My blindness and deafness and aching back
 With meekness I bear for that Sufferer's sake;

And the lent-fast for Mary's sake I love,

And the honour of Him, the Man Above!

My songs are all over now :—so best!

They are laid in the heavenly Singer's breast,

Who never sings but a star is born :

May we hear His song in the endless morn!

I give glory to God for our battles won

By wood or river, on bay or creek :

For Norna, who died; for my father, Conn :

For feasts, and the chase on the mountains bleak :

I bewail my sins, both unknown and known,

And of those I have injured forgiveness seek.

The men that were wicked to me and mine

(Not quenching a wrong, nor in war nor wine),

I forgive and absolve them all, save three :

May Christ in His mercy be kind to me!

¹ In an earlier portion of his poem he says :—

“ I forgive old Cathbar, who sank my boat;

Must I pardon Feargal, who slew my son—

Or the pirate, Strongbow, who burned Granote,

They tell me, and in it nine priests, a nun,

And (worst) St. Finian's old crosier staff?

At forgiveness like that I spit and laugh!”

BLARNEY GROVES.

J. L. FOREST.¹

OH! I could linger out a summer day
 Beneath thy groves, sweet Blarney; by thy lake,
 Thy meads, thy streams, and every flowery brake
 For hours delighted, I could gladly stray,
 And breathe the fragrance of the perfumed air.
 Wild flowers begem each wooded, shaded way,
 And modestly their trembling petals rear;
 To me than rich exotics far more fair
 And graceful-like. Ye seek the sunlight's ray
 In bashfulness, from tangled briars peeping,
 Or timidly amidst the long grass creeping,
 But always winning in the garb ye wear.
 Children of nature, fitly do ye play
 Beneath the ruined walls of yon old ruin grey;
 Relic of time! his heavy hand had leant
 Too hardly on thee; yet withal thou hast
 Around thee still fine traces of the Past,
 The glorious Past, in every lineament.
 Type of my country! Strength and ruin blent—
 Thou standest forth, amid the thunder-shower,
 A thing of grandeur; storm on storm hath spent
 Its rage upon thee, yet round yon old tower
 The ivy twines its tendrils through each rent.
 Thus, ERINN, thou, 'mid Desolation's blast,
 'Mid crushing storms and blighted hopes dost wear
 Perennial green! unlike yon mouldering pile,
 Thy day of glory dawns, when thou shalt bear
 A form of life, and bask in Freedom's blessed smile!

¹ Of Cork; died recently in America

THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

JEREMIAH J. DOWLING, M. D.¹

I AM a Claddagh boatman bold,
And humble is my calling ;
From morn to night, from dark to light,
In Galway bay I'm trawling ;
I care not for the great man's frown,
I ask not for his pity ;
My wants are few, my heart is true ;
I sing a boatman's ditty.

I have a fair and gentle wife,
Her name is Eily Holway :
With many a wile, and joke, and smile,
I won the pride of Galway ;
For twenty years, 'mid hopes and fears,
With her I've faithful tarried ;
Her heart to-night is young and light
As when we first were married.

I have a son, a gallant boy,
Unstained by spot or speckle :
He pulls and hawls, and mends the trawls,
And minds the other tackle ;
His mother says the boy, like me,
Loves truth, and hates all blarney ;
The neighbours swear in Galway Bay
There's not the like of Barney.

Thank God, I have another child,
Like Eily, lithe and slender ;
She clasps my knee, and kisses me
With love so true and tender.

¹ Of Tipperary.

Though oft' will rage the howling blast
 Upon the angry water,
 I ne'er complain of wind or rain,
 For I think of my little daughter.

When Sunday brings the hours of rest,
 That sweet reward of labours,
 We cross the fields to early mass,
 And walk home with the neighbours.
 Oh! would the rest of Erinn's sons
 Were but like us united;
 To swear I'm loath, but, by my oath,
 Her name should not be slighted.

LOVE BALLAD.

From the Irish.

CLARENCE MANGAN.¹

LONELY from my home I come,
 To cast myself upon your tomb,
 And to weep.
 Lonely from my lonesome home,
 My lonesome house of grief and gloom,
 While I keep
 Vigil, often all night long,
 For your dear, dear sake,
 Praying many a prayer so wrong
 That my heart would break!
 Gladly, oh, my blighted flower,
 Sweet Apple of my bosom's Tree,
 Would I now

¹ An interesting memoir of Mangan by John Mitchell will be found prefixed to the American edition of Mangan's Poems.

Stretch me in your dark death-bower
Beside your corpse, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.
But we'll meet ere many a day,
Never more to part;
For even now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary winding caves
Ever flows,
Ever flows, with moaning swell,
One ebbless flood of many Waves,
Which are Woes.
Death, love, has me in his lures;
But that grieves not me,
So my ghost may meet with your's
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbours near my cot
Believe me sunk in slumber deep,
I arise—
For, oh! 'tis a weary lot,
This watching aye, and wooing sleep
With hot eyes—
I arise and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears;
While the winds that nightly rave
Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain,
Sheltered by the Sloe-bush black,
Sat, laughed, and talked, while thick sleet fell,
And cold rain.

Thanks to God! no guilty leaven
Dashed our childish mirth :
You rejoice for this in heaven,
And I not less on earth !

Love ! the priests feel wroth with me
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast.
Since you are gone eternally,
And your fair frame lies in the chill
Grave at rest ;
But true Love outlives the shroud,
Knows not check nor change,
And beyond Time's world of Cloud
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts
They long tried
On the child they left forlorn !
They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
And she died.
Curse upon the love of show !
Curse on Pride and Greed !
They would wed you " high"—and woe !
Here behold their meed !

REPOSE :

GLENGARIFF BAY.

RALPH VARIAN.

By grassy marge, where shadows float,
In day-dreams of delight we lay,
While on white wing a fairy boat
Scarce rippled the enchanted Bay.

The drooping mountains bathed within,
In green and gold, their woodland breast,
And crimson clouds, on dappled wing,
At sweet Glengariff stooped to rest.

The mountain heights beyond leant back
On flood-lights of departing day,
And murmurs from the torrent's track
Stole o'er the margin where we lay.

Light odours, from the myrtle ground,
Crept through the yew and holly slopes,
And, whispering with the flowers around,
Of sweet Glengariff's glories spoke.

From fruitful groves grey speckled throats
Low whistle to the fading day;
From far-off heights faint bugle-notes
Are gliding o'er the silent Bay.

From entrance of the sheltered Bay
The sea-fowl snowy radiance bring;
While, in the woods that stretch away,
The cooing pigeons fold the wing.

We touch the waters of the Bay,
And taste the Ocean's briny lip,
And on the rocks that shelve away
The purple sea-plants float and dip.

The giant head of Sliav-na-goil,
Lord of the glorious lonely height,
Stoops to the call of Adragol
Soft splashy sounds of calm delight.

The path it fans that we had trod,
Which human footsteps seldom pressed,
The timid flower and beaming sod,
With rose and amber woodbine dressed.

At File-Channan the eagle nests,
And feeds her callow young with prey ;
Her storm-strong plumage gently rests
In clefts that face the sheltered Bay.

From north fair Remneen lowly slopes—
That soft and pleasant headland there—
And fond desires, and glorious hopes,
Flow through the sunset-flooded air.

Advancing o'er the head of Dehade
The crescent star of evening stoops ;
And, peering through the vaulted shade,
Advance the constellated groups.

We toiled o'er Gougane's rugged height,
And wild and lonely Keim-an-eigh ;
And, Mary, here, where all is bright
We rest beside this tranquil Bay.

We saw wild Kerry's wonders thrown
In garniture of summer day ;
And thought not pastoral Cork could own
These mountains and this heavenly Bay.

With awe and wonder welling there,
Yet breathless as the closing day,
Our hearts sent up a silent prayer
For glories of Glengariff Bay !

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

THERE are ships upon the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
There are good ships on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,

Oh, they're sailing o'er the sea,
From a land where all are free,
With a freight that's dear to me,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

They are coming from the West,
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
And the flag we love the best,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Waves proudly in the blast,
And they've nailed it to the mast ;
Long threat'ning comes at last,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

'Twas well O'Connell said,
Says the Shan Van Vocht—
“ My land, when I am dead,”
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
“ A race will tread your plains,
With hot blood in their veins,
Who will burst your galling chains,”
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

For these words we love his name,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And Ireland guards his fame,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And low her poor heart fell
The day she heard his knell ;
For she knew he loved her well,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But the good old cause was banned,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
By sleek slave and traitor bland,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Ah, then strayed to foreign strand
 Truth and Valour from our land,
 The stout heart and ready hand,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But with courage undismayed,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 These exiles watched and prayed,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
 For, though trampled to the dust,
 Their cause they knew was just,
 And in God they put their trust,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And now, if ye be men,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 We'll have them back again,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 With pike and guns galore ;
 And when they touch her shore,
 Ireland's free for evermore,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht. .

THE SHANNON.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream
 Brightly glancing, brightly glancing,
 See, oh, see the ruddy beam
 Upon its waters dancing !
 Thus returned from travel vain,
 Years of exile, years of pain,
 To see old Shannon's face again,
 Oh, the bliss entrancing !

Hail our own majestic stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own beloved river !

Fling thy rocky portals wide,
 Western Ocean, western Ocean,
Bend, ye hills ! on either side,
 In solemn, deep devotion ;
While before the rising gales
On his heaving surface sails
Half the wealth of Erinn's vales,
 With undulating motion.
Hail our own beloved stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own majestic river !

On thy bosom deep and wide,
 Noble river, lordly river,
Royal navies safe might ride,
 Green Erinn's lovely river !
Proud upon thy banks to dwell,
Let me ring Ambition's knell,
'Lured by Hope's illusive spell
 Again to wander never.
Hail, our own romantic stream
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own majestic river !

Let me from thy placid course,
 Gentle river, mighty river,
Draw such truth of silent force
 As sophists answer never. .

Thus, like thee, unchanging still,
 With tranquil breast and ordered will,
 My heaven-appointed course fulfil,
 Undeviating ever!
 Hail, our own majestic stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
 Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own delightful river!

THE DRINAN DONN.¹

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

By road and by river the wild birds sing,
 O'er mountain and valley the dewy leaves spring,
 The gay flowers are shining, gilt o'er by the sun,
 And fairest of all shines the Drinan Donn.

The rath of the fairy, the ruin hoar,
 With white silver splendour it decks them all o'er;
 And down in the valleys, where merry streams run,
 How sweet smells the bloom of the Drinan Donn!

Ah! well I remember the soft spring day,
 I sat by my love 'neath its sweet-scented spray;
 The day that she told me her heart I had won,
 Beneath the white blossoms of the Drinan Donn.

The streams they were singing their gladsome song,
 The soft winds were blowing the wild woods among,
 The mountains shone bright in the red setting sun,
 And my love in my arms 'neath the Drinan Donn.

'Tis my prayer in the morning, my dream at night,
 To sit thus again by my heart's dear delight,
 With her blue eyes of gladness, her hair like the sun,
 And her sweet loving kisses, 'neath the Drinan Donn.

¹ The Brown Thorn, or Sloe-tree. Gaelic—Draigeánán

MO BHUACHAILIN BÁN.¹

RALPH VARIAN.

Mo bhuachailin bán
 Is up with the dawn,
 And over the mountain, through forest and lawn ;
 By green bank and slip,
 Where golden flowers dip,
 The dew of the morning is still on his lip.

And down by the castle, right over the hill,
 Mo bhuachailin works, the brown lands to till ;
 But still at the dawn we meet at the slip,
 Where white lilies float and golden flowers dip.

Through field as he goes,
 He pulls the wild rose,
 And blossoms of blue from the green rushy bawn ;
 But over the rose
 His damask cheek glows,
 And the blue eye is bright of my bhuachailin bán.

He talks not like men who think woman can't know
 When liberty rises or freedom is low ;
 And often our thoughts for old Ireland are high,
 Like the sun on the mountain when painting the sky.
 My bhuachailin bán
 Is clear as the dawn,
 No shadow of falsehood to cloud his blue eye ;
 The plans of Untruth
 'Tis He can confute,
 And Tyranny shrinks when he stands to defy.

¹ Pronounced *Mo bohilleen bawn*—A "fair little boy."

And sometimes his blue eyes will dream in the dawn ;
 And fitful and wild is mo bhuachailin bán ;
 But as Infancy kind, he is dear to my mind,
 And the Shield of my life is mo bhuachailin bán !

Mo bhuachailin bán.

The dew on the lip of mo bhuachailin bán
 Is gossamer gold, strung with beads of the dawn ;
 What hard heart shall dare to brush them away ?
 No hard heart but mine, at the dawning of day !

Mo bhuachailin bán.

SPIRIT-COMPANY.

THOMAS IRWIN.

UP cheerful as the morn I rise,
 Though foreign airs around me blow ;
 For well I deem that Spirit-eyes
 Look into mine where'er I go :
 So in the viny window nook,
 With southern sunlight round, I sit,
 And read aloud, from some old book,
 Old music-lines of poet-wit,
 That those I love around may hear me,
 And melt in sweet mute laughters near me.

With them I stroll all day along
 The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,
 And hear the brown old fisher's song,
 Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er ;
 And wander up the evening cliffs,
 Askirted by the shadowy limes ;
 And as I watch the fading skiffs,
 I whisper o'er of loved old times,
 That those I love around may hear me,
 And smile with gentle memories near me.

And when the golden sunset dips
 Beneath the garden's walnut trees,
 In vintage gay I bathe my lips,
 Till the white star floats up the seas ;
 Then, as upon the hill o'er head,
 The quiet shepherd pens his fold,
 I sit among the stilly Dead,
 And sing the songs they loved of old,
 And hear their echoes, grown divine,
 Come back through this waked heart of mine.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon
 Falls the deep midnight blue and rare,
 And tolling bell and rounded moon
 Awake the tranced time of prayer—
 Through starry casement lone I gaze
 Upon the heavenly path they trod,
 And murmur o'er their love and praise,
 With lowly knee before our God ;
 And hear, as though beyond the sea,
 The loved Old Voices pray for me.

A R T H U R M'C O Y.

1798.

M'BURNEY.

WHILE the snow-flakes of winter are falling
 On mountain, and house-top, and tree,
 Come olden weird voices recalling
 The homes of Hy-Faly to me.
 The ramble by river and wild wood,
 The legends of mountain and glen,
 When the bright magic mirror of childhood
 Made heroes and giants of men.

Then I had my dreamings ideal,
My prophets and heroes sublime,
Yet I found one, true, living, and real,
Surpass all the fictions of time ;
Whose voice thrilled my heart to its centre,
Whose form tranced my soul and my eye,
A temple no treason could enter ;
My hero was Arthur M'Coy.

For Arthur M'Coy was no bragger,
No bibber, no blustering clown,
'Fore the club of an ale-house to swagger,
Or drag his coat-tail through the town ;
But a veteran stern and steady,
Who felt for the land and her ills ;
In the hour of her need ever ready
To shoulder a pike for the hills.

As the strong mountain tower spreads its arms,
Dark, shadowy, silent, and tall,
In our tithe-raids and midnight alarms,
His bosom gave refuge to all :
If a mind clear, and calm, and expanded,
A soul ever soaring and high,
'Mid a host, gave a right to command it—
A hero was Arthur M'Coy.

Whilst he knelt, with a Christian demeanour,
To his priest, or his Maker, alone,
He scorned the vile slave or retainer,
That crouched round the castle or throne.
The Tudor, the Guelph, the Pretender,
Were tyrants alike, branch and stem ;
But who'd free our fair land, and defend her
A nation, were monarchs to him.

And this faith in good works he attested.

When Tone linked the true hearts, and brave,
Every billow of danger he breasted,

His sword-flash the crest of its wave ;
A standard he captured in Gorey ;
A sword-cut, and ball through the thigh,
Were among the mementoes of glory
Recorded of Arthur M'Coy.

Long the guest of the law and its beagles,

His covert the cave and the tree ;
Though his home was the home of the eagles,
His soul was the soul of the free.

No toil, no defeat could enslave it,

Nor franchise, nor "Amnesty Bill ;"
No lord, but the Maker who gave it,
Could curb the high pride of his will.

With the gloom of defeat ever laden,

Seldom seen at the hurling or dance
Where, through blushes, the eye of the maiden
Looks out for her lover's advance ;

And whenever he stood to behold it,

A curl of the lip or a sigh
Was the silent reproach that unfolded
The feelings of Arthur M'Coy.

For it told him of freedom o'ershaded,

That the iron had entered their veins,
When beauty bears manhood degraded,
And manhood's contented in chains.

Yet he loved that fair race as a martyr,

And if his own death could recall
The blessing of liberty's charter,
His bosom had bled for them all.

And he died for his love—I remember,
 On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
 On a dark snowy eve in December,
 I knelt at the patriot's grave.
 The aged were all heavy-hearted,
 No cheek in the church-yard was dry :
 The sun of our hills had departed—
 God rest you, old Arthur M'Coy !

I'M VERY HAPPY WHERE I AM.¹

A PEASANT WOMAN'S SONG. 1864.

DION BOUCICAULT.²

I'm very happy where I am,
 Far across the say,
 I'm very happy far from home,
 In North Amerikay.

It's lonely in the night, when Pat
 Is sleeping by my side,
 I lie awake, and no one knows
 The big tears that I've cried ;

For a little voice still calls me back
 To my far, far counthrie,
 And nobody can hear it spake,
 Oh ! nobody but me.

¹ "A few days ago," says Boucicault, "I stood on the North Wall, and watched the emigrant embarking for the Far West, as I have often stood on the quays of New York to see them arrive in America. While chewing the cud of many sweet and bitter fancies over this sad review, and picturing to myself the fate of each group as it passed, a chord in the old harp, which every Irishman wears in his breast, twanged in a minor key, and I heard a young Irish wife in the back woods of Ohio singing this strain."

² An Irish-American; author of the popular drama, "The Colleen Bawn," from Gerald Griffin's Irish novel of "The Collegians."

There is a little spot of ground
Behind the chapel wall,
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
Without a stone at all ;

It rises like my heart just now,
It makes a dawning hill ;
It's from below the voice comes out,
I cannot kape it still.

Oh ! little Voice ; ye call me back
To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear ye spake,
Oh ! nobody but me.

AN CAILIN DEAS.

ANONYMOUS.

From a New York Paper.

A FIG for your pikes and your rifles ;
More dear to my passionate care
The tiniest glance of the trifles
That flashes from Kathaleen's hair.
Her voice, like a rivulet gushing,
Would silence the minstrel of dawn,
While cheating the kine she is hushing,
When milking on Carigeen's bawn.

Her brow than the snow-flake is whiter,
Her cheeks flushed with tint of the rose,
Her eye than the morning star brighter,
And her hair black and lustrous as sloes.

She trips o'er the cowslips so lightly,
As scarcely their down to remove,
And her billowy bosom heaves slightly,
As if with the echoes of love.

You follow the green banner streaming,
And climb to the summit of fame;
My star is my darling's eye beaming,
My glory her love-lighted fame.
Place cannon and rifle before me,
And Kathleen behind their array,
Although into ribbons they tore me,
I'd bear my loved darling away!

THERE ARE VOICES I WEEN HYMNING HOPE
IN THE SKIES.

ANONYMOUS.

From an Irish-American Paper.

Air—"The last Rose of Summer."

THERE are voices I ween hymning hope in the skies,
Where the bird of red plume through the blue azure
flies,
And the harp-strings that thrilled to my touch long
ago,
With the spirit of song, once again are a-glow.
Strike the chords, for the warrior's spirit anew
In the battle's red glare flash again on my view;
Yes, I see the proud chiefs, death, they told me, could
chain,
In their vigour, and manhood, and splendour again.

Men oft' told me they died, but I knew 'twas untrue,
For their prowess nor heaven nor earth could subdue :
And, when even the soul quits the invisible form,
They still live in the sunbeams and ride on the storm :
And the breath of the tempest, when flinging its gage
On the down-tumbled forest but mimics its rage ;
And the white-handed maidens—but ah, 'tis a dream !
'Tis *the* dream where the past, its illusions, still beam.

'Tis a dream, did I say ?—yet I hear once again,
Ringing clear on my ear the prophetic strain ;
And it comes in such fulness of life and of truth
As once more to revive the fond longings of youth.
'Tis a dream ? never dream of so truthful a dye
On the eye of the sleeper beamed down from the sky ;
'Tis the light of young Liberty's first flashing ray,
Ere it bursts on the isle in the full flush of day.

MUSIC IN THE STREET.

ANONYMOUS.

Suggested by hearing "Patrick's Day" and "Garryowen" played on the fourth of July by the band of the 60th Regiment, in the streets of New York.

It rose upon the sordid street,
A cadence sweet and lone ;
Through all the vulgar din it pierced,
That low melodious tone.
It thrilled on my awakened ear
Amid the noisy mart,
Its music over every sound
Vibrated in my heart.

I've heard full oft a grander strain
Through lofty arches roll,
That bore on the triumphant tide
The rapt and captive soul.
In this the breath of my own hills
Blew o'er me soft and warm,
And shook my spirit, as the leaves
Are shaken by the storm.

As sounds the distant ocean wave
Within a hollow shell,
I heard within this far off strain
The gentle waters swell
Around my distant island shore,
And glancing through the rocks,
While o'er their full and gliding wave
The sea-birds wheeled in flocks.

There, through the long delicious eves
Of that old haunted land
The Naiads, in their floating hair,
Yet dance upon the strand ;
Till near and nearer came the sound,
And swelled upon the air,
And still strange echoes trembled through
The magic music there.

It rose above the ceaseless din,
It filled the dusty street,
As some cool breeze of freshness blows
Across the desert's heat.
It shook their squalid attic homes—
Pale exiles of our race—
And drew to dingy window panes
Full many a faded face.

And eyes whose deep and lustrous light
 Flashed strangely, lonely there,
And many a young and wistful brow
 Beneath its soft brown hair ;
And other eyes of fiercer fire,
 And faces rough and dark—
Brave souls ! that bore thro' all their lives
 The tempests on their bark.

In through the narrow rooms it poured,
 That music sweeping on,
And perfumed all their heavy air
 With flowers of summers gone,
With waters sparkling to the lips,
 With many a summer breeze,
That woke into one rippling song
 The shaken summer trees.

In it, along the sloping hills
 The blue flax blossoms bent ;
In it, above the shining streams
 The "Fairy Fingers" leant ;
In it, upon the soft green Rath,
 There bloomed the Fairy Thorn ;
In their tired feet they felt the dew
 Of many a harvest morn.

In it, the ripe and golden corn
 Bent down its heavy head ;
In it, the grass waved long and sweet
 Above their kindred dead ;
In it, the voices of the loved,
 They might no more behold,
Came back and spoke the tender words
 And sang the songs of old.

Sometimes there trembled through the strain
A song like falling tears,
And then it rose and burst again
Like sudden clashing spears ;
And still the faces in the street,
And at the window panes,
Would cloud or lighten, gloom or flash,
With all its changing strains.

But, ah ! too soon it swept away,
That pageantry of sound,
Again the parted tide of life
Closed darkly all around.
As in the wake of some white bark,
In sunshine speeding on,
Close in the dark and sullen wave,
The darker where it shone.

The faces faded from my view,
Like faces in a dream ;
To its dull channel back again
Crept the subsiding stream.
And I, too, starting like the rest,
Cast all the spell aside,
And let the fading music go—
A blossom down the tide.

OSCAR—THE DOG OF SHAUN DESMOND.

RALPH VARIAN.

THROUGH meadows of gay Inniscarra,
Where feathered grass dips at the rim,
And shadowy trout, like an arrow,
Send bubbles to play at the brim ;

The daisy-fields blinked to the morning,
And stooped to the west every night;
The freshest of perfume adorning
Wide bunches that yielded delight.

And joy from the bright silver quiver
Of trout low, or sky-cleaving lark,
Bright shades in the sky and the river,
Enkindle the love-heaving spark.

And Nancy and Norah together
Led fairy-troops over the hill;
They wound through the moss and the heather,
And meadow-insh down by the rill.

The fern on the hillocks surrounding
Is stirring, a bright heaving sea,
And through it comes, dipping and bounding,
Some object its course cleaving free.

'Tis Oscar, the dog of Shaun Desmond,
With osier-wand basket of white,
Of him the bright children are *so* fond,
They meet him with boundless delight.

In his basket they place the white biscuit,
And butter, and bottle of milk;
Suspended from white neck, they risk it,
It rests on his coating of silk.

And Oscar returns to his master,
Who lives in the cave by the rill;
No pigeon could, safer or faster,
Bear message o'er moorland and hill.

The children sit down by a hay-rick,
To hear of the beautiful hound;
The tale of Shaun Desmond, from Patrick,
Where woodruff wafts perfume around.

“ Forget not, my children, the outlaw,
Who, saving the Poor from the Great,
Avenging their sad wrongs without law,
Was forced to a desolate fate.”

He tells how they outlawed Shaun Desmond,
For shooting some tyrannous slave ;
And forced him, for shelter, where rush-wand
And osiers are fringing the wave.

“ This dog to Shaun Desmond was given,
With good sense far more than a hound ;
He sure was inspired by kind Heaven
To steer safe where dangers abound !

“ Like manna, soft falling at evening,
The Jews in the desert to save ;
Or raven, with bread, swiftly winging
To succour the saint in his cave.”

A tear gems the clear eye of Childhood,
As dew when the speedwell is shut,
Or gems of the glittering wild wood,
When Autumn drops down the brown nut.

But songs of the sunshine will come quick
On Childhood's sweet April showers ;
And Patrick, just tossing the hay-rick,
Found laughter ring out from its bowers.

But flinging the hay from their curls,
The children are serious again,
And say that no treacherous churls
Shall win Oscar's secret from them.

“ My children, through life while you're steering,
May this in your good hearts endure ;
Oh, seek to secure for dear Erinn
Fixed homes for her labouring poor !

“Now think of good Oscar each morning,
 And bear him the napkin of food,
 And give him the fair timely warning
 If Red Coats appear near the wood.”

They talk of the faithful Dumb Creature,
 As homeward they leisurely pace,
 And find in the bosom of nature
 Sweet lessons no time can efface,

SHAUN'S HEAD.

[Scene:—*Before Dublin Castle.*—Night—a Clansman of Shaun O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole.]

JOHN SAVAGE.

GOD's wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know
 the pride
 Of dying on the battle-field, their broken spear beside;
 When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen
 brave,
 Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to
 his grave.
 May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the
 heart of man,
 Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
 For sure, O God!—and you know all, whose thought
 for all sufficed—
 To expiate these Saxon sins they'd want another
 Christ.

Is it thus, O Shaun the haughty! Shaun the valiant!
 that we meet—
 Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to
 defeat?

Have *I* no chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both
defence,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle-
tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems
rough with power ;
Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery
stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy
fiery tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of
Columbkil,
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks
of Derry Hill ;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and
to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met
their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his
stormy cheers ;
Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it,
your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court
among.

Just think, O Shaun ! the same moon shines on Liffey
as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen
to despoil ;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us
and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these
Dublin towers.

Thy face is paler than the moon ; my heart is paler still—
My heart ? I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas yours!
to keep or kill.

And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life, your
soul, your pride ;

But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun—with proud
O'Neill it died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as
Spanish steel—

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief,
O'Neill,

Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled
the sun,

And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done ?

He was "turbulent" with traitors ; he was "haughty"
with the foe ;

He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons ! Ay ! he dealt ye blow
for blow !

He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild to
see his hearth-stone razed ?

He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he
blazed !

He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and be-
cause he flung away

Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does
mocking spray.

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay ! and preached
it till Tyrone

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red hands" to
clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun !" Ye Saints, he
makes no breath :

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost
from death.

Art truly dead and cold ? O Chief ! art thou to Ulster
lost ?

“ Dost hear, *dost hear* ? By Randolph led, the troops
the Foyle have crossed ! ”

He's truly dead ! he must be dead ! nor is his ghost
about—

And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a
shout :

The pale face droopeth northward—ah ! his soul must
loom up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or
Bann the Fair !

I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander
there, proud Shane,

In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its
hate again.

LAND - LAW RHYME.

ISAAC STEPHEN VARIAN.

A BALLAD OF '48.

OH ! peacefully the sun went down,
And sweetly shone the stars,
And softly rose the silent moon :
No sound the stillness mars.

The cabins on the hillock's slope
Repose near rip'ning grain ;
Green kitchen-garden, fruit-ground, field,
And sheep-strewn cattle plain.

These cabins seem a slumbering part
Of nature, free from strife ;
Without a wreath of smoke, or stir,
Or dog, or village life.

Oh ! wearily the sun goes down—

Oh ! wearily fades the light—

Oh ! wearily the silent stars

Gleam through the dreary night.

Nor moon, nor stars, nor human eye,

Sees a lone watcher bide

There—kneeling—with the putrid dead,

The dying by her side !

Is there not one kind neighbour near

The scalding tear to dry ?

“ O Holy Mother ! hear my prayer,

Father above,—we die !

“ Speak to me, Norah, Mavourneen—

Machree-thu ! speak to me—

O blessed angels, is she gone ?

Is no one left to me ?”

Oh ! wearily the night moaned on—

Oh ! wearily dawned the light—

Oh ! wearily the watcher looked—

Upon that wretched night !

* * * * *

THE SUNNY SOUTH IS GLOWING.

ANDREW ORR (AUSTRALIA).

THE sunny South is glowing in the glow of Southern
glory,

And the Southern Cross is waving o'er the freest of
the free ;

Yet in vain, in vain, my weary heart would try to
hide the story

That evermore 'tis wandering back, dear native
land, to thee :

The heathy hills of Malazan, the Bann's translucent
waters,
Glenleary's shades of hazel, and Agivy's winding
streams;
And Kathleen of the raven locks, the flower of Erinn's
daughters—
Lost heaven of wildering beauty! thou art mine at
least in dreams.
Oh! the green land, the old land,
Far dearer than the gold land,
With all its landscape glory and unchanging summer
skies;
Let others seek their pleasures
In the chase of golden treasures,
Be mine a dream of Erinn and the light of Kathleen's
eyes.

Sweet scenes may group around me, hill and dale,
lagoon and wildwood,
And eyes as bright and cloudless as the azure skies
above;
But strange the face of nature—not the happy haunts
of childhood,
And cold the glance of beauty—not the smile of
early love;
Even in the pulse of joy itself, the native charm is
wanting,
For distant far the bosoms that would share it as
their own:
Too late to learn that loving hearts will never bear
transplanting;
Uprooted once, like seedless flowers, they wither lost
and lone.
Oh! the old land, the green land,
That land of lands, the queen land;

Keep, keep the gorgeous splendour of your sunny
Southern shore ;
 Unfading and undying,
 O'er the world between us lying,
The hallowed loves of former days are mine for ever-
more.

Ballarat, Dec., 1860.

HE BUILT ME A LIGHT BOAT.

RALPH VARIAN.

(To a Child.)

Air—" Oh ! we went boating."

HE built me a light boat—wasn't she a tight boat ?
With wings like a bird, the first of the flock ;
He came, without warning, in the grey morning,
And tapped at my window, with a soft knock :
 And we went boating, and we went sporting,
 Oh ! we went boating down to Blackrock.

Graceful and sprightly, stepping politely,
Hand on the gate, unbolting the lock,
Then, like a ring-dove, up through the spring-grove
 Where the green holly hangs from the rock :
And we went boating, &c.

Passing Cork City, looking so pretty,
Where the great vessels rest in the dock,
Under the highland, down by the island,
Landing me safely on the grey rock :
And we went boating, &c.

Pleasant the boating, gliding and floating
Close to the castle, down by the loch;
Convent, and spire, and hills of Glanmire,
And the sweet shady woods of Blackrock:
And we went boating, &c.

Oh, it was pleasant, when a poor peasant
Dressed us a salmon, caught in the loch;
Where the Arbutus' blossoms are beauteous,
Kindling a fire beneath the grey rock:
And we went boating, &c.

And in the evening Andy was grieving,
When we set sail at six of the clock;
Sunset was glorious, song-birds uproarious,
Crying, "Leave not the woods of Blackrock!"
And we went boating, &c.

The moon rose in splendour—breezes were tender,
Wafting our sails away from the loch;
Soft breezes failing, and to keep sailing,
We had to row away from Blackrock:
And we went boating, &c.

In years upon years, in smiles or in tears,
I'll never forget the woods of Blackrock;
Nor my own Andy, who was a dandy,
And took me boating down to Blackrock!
And we went boating, and we went sporting—
Oh, we went boating down to Blackrock!

THE MARTYR.

JAMES J. BURKE.¹

ON the dread tempest-wing over the stormy sea,
And fearful paths untrod,
Past ships and fleets, whose pride and chivalry
Bowed to the might of God—
From the far, jewelled "Eldorado" of the west,
To a dethronéd queen's poor hopeless breast,
Came news that darkly bode.

The tale to her bleeding heart is quickly told—
Her exiled son is dead;
Deep, in the starry land of corn and gold,
They've pillowed his weary head; -
There 'neath the hickory trees and waving limes,
And hemlocks dark, where creeping ivy climbs,
Is made his dreamless bed.

He sunk to rest, with hopeful, trusting prayer
For his queen Mother-land,—
She for whose weal his fiery love did dare
Fetters and felon brand;
In his proud youth his hopes were round her wreathed,
And his last sigh of ebbing life was breathed
For her, proscribed and banned.

Now, from her bruised heart the poor lorn queen,
Over the wild sea's surge,
Pours out with pallid lips the dismal caoine,
Her dead son's dirge;
List! O ye throned heavens, to her song of woe;
Pity her anguish'd soul, her tears that flow—
Avert thy scourge.

* * * * *

¹ Of Dublin.

"My son is dead!—my beautiful, my brave,
Gone to his peaceful sleep;
And strangers laid my darling in his grave;
Therefore I moan and weep.
Oh! how he loved me! oh! but his heart was true!
And his words were balm, soft as the blessed dew
On the harebells deep.

"In the dim future time, when of the garish throng
Who sought in tinselled state
Thy brave heart's blood—sought it through crime and
wrong,
And perjury and hate—
When, of their paltry thrones no trace survive
In song and story, TERENCE!¹ thy name shall live
Godlike and pure, and great.

"Ye stately towering pines, ye golden orange trees,
Bending his grave above,
With dreamy music in the mournful breeze,
Sigh o'er my dear, dead love.
O mystic, trackless sea, sing, in your ceaseless roll,
A holy requiem for the patriot's soul;
Droop, lilies of the grove.

"Ah! my dear darling, had but thy dying eyes,
When set their sun,
Been closed by me, thy mother, 'midst my sighs,
My own, my gallant one!
I would have hushed thee to thy final rest,
And, shamrock-shrouded, wrapt thee in my breast—
God's will be done."

• • • • •

¹ Terence Bellew Mac Manus.

Young men of Erin!—ye of the old proud race,
 Sons of the fiery Gael!
 The hapless queen who sings, with shadowed face,
 Her sad death-wail—
 Whose cry is borne across the troubled sea,
 Is she who bore, who nursed ye tenderly—
 Your mother, Innisfail.

And he, whose ashes lie in the golden sand,
 Where the red sun sinks down—
 Who, throned on high, shall in the spirit land
 Receive a martyr-crown—
 He was thy brother. Go thou and do and dare
 Like him, thy guiding star; for Ireland, sweet and
 fair,
 Win glory and renown.

CAITLIN TIRRIAL.

From the Irish.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., TRANSLATOR.

Air—"Caitlin Tirrial."¹

'Tis my joy to sing of all beings fair,
 And 'tis time to sing Kate of the curling hair;
 For of all the fair maidens that ever were seen,
 I never knew one like my bonnie Caitlin!²

'Tis my ruin of heart each day-dawn grey,
 That I'm not by Loch Erril's side far away;
 For there I might hope to behold on the green
 The bloom of its lily-flowers, bonnie Caitlin!

¹ "Kathleen Trecal," or "Kitty Tyrrel."

² Commonly written *Kathleen*, and pronounced like "*Caut-leen*." But it is nearly impossible to represent the delicate liquid sound of the *t* and *i* by English letters.

I have never seen Night in its cloudiness
So dark as her clustering curling tress ;
Oh, if I could win her and wed her—my queen,
The seas I'd sail over with bonnie Caitlin !

She's more red than the sunset, more bright than the
 swan,
And song like her sweet voice I never heard one !
There's not in my pulses a red drop so mean
Would not flow to defend thee, my bonnie Caitlin !

Oh, bonnie Caitlin—Oh, my bonnie Caitlin !
Could I see her once more by the holly-bush green,
I would lift her sad heart into gladness serene,
I would steal from her cruel kin bonnie Caitlin !

I've read thy dear letter upon the hill lea,
Than "the music of fairies" 'twas sweeter to me ;
Oh, the cause of much grief—for long sad have I been—
And the sole joy of life is my bonnie Caitlin !

D A V I S .

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE STATUE IN MOUNT JEROME.

ANONYMOUS.

I STAND beside thy tomb,
 Lost Chieftain of our race—
No dull abode of gloom
 This thy last resting-place ;
The golden sunlight streams
 Upon that marble brow,
And there, in fancy's dreams,
 Bright thoughts seem gathering now.
Brother bards have sung thy nation's anguish-moan ;
A kindred soul impressed thy form upon the stone !



But, oh ! the kindling glance,
 The lovelight of thine eye,
 Thy footsteps' firm advance,
 The greeting or reply—
 The hand of friendly grasp,
 The voice of thrilling tone—
 Within death's leaden clasp
 All these, alas ! are gone !
 And yet ! thy lightning thoughts still our hearts shall
 warm,
 And be to Freedom's barque a life-light in the storm.

Full fain would I believe
 That, o'er the poet's grave,
 The fading hues of eve
 Their softest shadows weave ;
 And when, at midnight dim,
 Wild tempests groaning rise,
 That piercing wails for him
 Ascend the darkened skies ;
 But sweeter 'tis to know his spirit lives enshrined
 Within a Nation's heart, and in his People's mind.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

ELIZABETH WILLOUGHBY TREACY.¹

I'm kneeling by your grave, aroon ! the autumn sun
 shines bright,
 Flinging upon the grassy mound a flood of golden
 light ;
 The flowers I tended for your sake are drooping one
 by one,
 While I must weep in hopeless grief above your grave,
 my son.

¹ Ballymena, county of Antrim ; author of a little volume of patriotic poems, published in Belfast.

The withered leaves are showering down ; they cannot
break your rest ;
And fair and bright the gorgeous pall they've flung
upon your breast :
I saw them bud and blossom forth beneath the soft
spring sky,
But little dreamed that you, my son, should be the first
to die !

I knew that want had paled your cheek, that hunger
cast its blight
Upon the crimson lip, and eye, whose very glance was
light !
I knew the powerful arm grew weak, the sweet voice
lost its tone ;
Yet still watched on, in trembling fear, till death the
struggle won.

I longed to yield with cheerfulness the treasure lent to
me,
But vainly strove to bow the will, although I bent the
knee !
Oh ! terrible the inward strife that rends the mother's
heart ;
They only know, who've felt the pang, how hard it is
to part.

Was there not plenty in the land ? The earth gave
forth her store—
The glad and fruitful mother earth, with riches brim-
ming o'er.
Not for the slave who tilled the soil the garnered
wealth was won ;
Our tyrant masters gorged their fill, and murdered
thee, my son !

Were there not stately homes enough, that our roof-tree must fall?

On the forsaken green hill-side I see the blackened wall.

Be calm, my heart; in faith abide; God will not still endure

That tyrant hands shall desecrate the dwellings of the poor.

The dwellings of the virtuous poor, the homes of poverty,

Are sacred in the sight of God, though humble they may be;

Beneath the lowly cabin roof the truest prayers may rise,

And many a suffering spirit there is fashioned for the skies.

Mavourneen! hark, the bitter winds are howling round your home,

Sleep on in peace, my own one, sleep,—your mother soon will come;

The autumn leaves are showering down upon your place of rest,

And bright and beautiful the pall that wraps your gentle breast.

THE WESTERN WINDS.

JOHN WALSH.¹

A MAIDEN sat on an ocean-steep;

She gazed on the place where the sun went down;

Her face was mild as an infant's sleep,

Her silken hair was a wavy brown.

¹ "Drimin Donn Dills," p. 120, is by the same author.


She murmured sadly, softly, and low,
As the soothing tone of the gentle dove,
"Of all the winds the heavens can blow,
The west, the west is the one I love.

"Last night I dreamed that a summer eve
Brought back my long-lost love to me ;
He clasped me close, and 'No longer grieve,'
He whispered me softly, 'a stór mo chree.'
"Alas, alas!" and her voice was low
As the plaintive tone of the gentle dove,
"The sun is gone, and the West winds blow,
Yet where, oh ! where is my plighted love ?

"'Tis a long dark dream, like a funeral hymn ;
Will it ever end—will it pass away ?
My heart is sad, and my eyes are dim ;
Will it ever behold hope's dawning day ?"
Her voice sank down to an accent low
As the soothing tone of the gentle dove—
"How sweet the-rush of the west winds blow !
But where, ah ! where is my only love ?

"If Eoghan comes, will he bring to me
The heart that away from Erin he bore ?
They say that all in that land are free,
And perhaps he may love its maidens more.
Oh no, oh no !" she murmured low,
As soft as the tone of the plaintive dove ;
"The western wind is the one, I know,
That will bear me homeward the heart I love.

"Sad was the hour that saw him sail—
'Twas for life, dear life, he was forced to flee ;
Dark was the ship when she bent to the gale,
For she bore my world, my all from me.



A stór!" she murmured, sad and low
 As the soothing tone of the gentle dove,
 "Why did not I to that black ship go,
 And be near you for ever, my absent love?"

Weep not, sweet maid; for his face you will see;
 He will clasp that hand to his own once more;
 He will tread o'er his native hills as free
 As he does even now on the distant shore;
 For their ranks are full, and their hearts are true,
 And their arms are young, and bold, and brave;
 We will see their ships when the sun sinks through
 The golden brim of the Western wave.

DRAHÁREEN O MACHREE.¹

A NEW VERSION OF A STREET BALLAD.

M. HOGAN.²

I GRIEVE when I think of the sweet happy days of my
 youth,
 When all the bright dreams of this faithless world
 seemed truth,
 When I strayed through the greenwood as gay as a
 midsummer bee,
 In brotherly love with my Draháreen O Machree.

Together we watched the gay lark as he sung o'er his
 nest;
 Together we lay in the sweet-scented meadows to rest;
 Together we plucked the red fruit of the flowering
 haw-tree,
 And I loved as a sweetheart my Draháreen O Machree!

¹ Properly *Óear-bhrátaínn ó mo-énoiúe*—"Young dear little brother of my heart."

² A tradesman of Limerick, and author of a little volume of national poems.

His form was straight as the hazel that grows in the
glen;
His manners were courteous and social and gay among
men;
His bosom was fair as the snow on the rocks of the sea;
His God's brightest image was Draháreen O Machree !

He went to the wars when proud England united with
France—
His regiment was first in the red battle charge to
advance;
But when evening's pale shadows had closed o'er the
wild bloody day,
Cold, cold on the earth lay my Draháreen O Machree !

Oh ! if I were there, I'd watch o'er my darling's last
breath—
I'd wipe his cold brow, and I'd soften his pillow of death;
I'd pour the hot tears of my heart-breaking anguish
o'er thee,
O Blossom of Beauty, my Draháreen O Machree !

Now I'm left to weep like the sorrowful bird of the
night;
This world and its pleasures no more shall afford me
delight;
The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
Since I lost my heart's darling, my Draháreen O
Machree !

My soul has exhausted its treasures of tears for my
love;
He comes to my dreams from his home in the regions
above:
I long for the time when my soul from her prison is free,
To meet in those regions, my Draháreen O Machree !

THE CLARE ELECTION.¹

STREET BALLAD.

From the Irish.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M. D., TRANSLATOR.

YE bards of Kincora! brave children of Eibir,²
 If sweet be these tidings, hence famous for ever,
 Oh, grasp your tall harps, the soft-ringing, the golden,
 And, waking the measures of poet-bards olden,
 The gladness and hope of green Erin declare!
 Give praise to the dauntless uprising of Clare,
 For Vesey Fitzgerald contumely must bear;
 While crowned are O'Connell's high worth and de-
 sire, a
 Member he weds with bright Silé ni Gadhra!

No chief of the hosts of brave Cairbré the royal,
 Of Conn na ccend cath³ who his foes did destroy all,
 Of Crimson-branch heroes, of princely Emanians,
 In Tara of great deeds—in ranks of the Fenians—
 Could equal O'Connell in pleading the right!
 Ne'er came of the warriors of Cashel a knight,
 Of those who at Achruim⁴ grew red in the fight,
 Than He more undaunted 'mid torrents of ire, a
 Beseeching the favours of Silé ni Gadhra.

Oh! joyous and generous, gentle and cheering,
 Oh! mildest and meekest, yet loreful, endearing,

¹ This ballad was composed in Gaelic by Eugene O'Curry (afterwards the eminent Professor of Irish in the Catholic University), immediately after O'Connell's election as Member for Clare, 1828. Ireland is personified under the name of "Silé ni Gadhra," pronounced as if written "Sheela nee Guira."

² Pronounced "Elvir"—mostly written Heber by Anglo-Irish historians.

³ Conn of the hundred battles.

⁴ Vulgó "Aughrim."

That faultless, that free-hearted, frank-minded Maiden,
 With stain, sere of sorrow, or scaith never laden,
 The blooming, the beauteous delight of us all,
 The loved of the chieftains of fair Innisfáil!
 Though pining awhile in the fetters of Gall,¹
 Ne'er formed the Almighty, on lowland or higher, a
 Fairer than thou art, my Silé ni Gadhra!

'Neath sorrow in Feilim's land Eogan's² descendants
 Have long lacked their rights, and their warlike at-
 tendants
 Have drooped in contempt, without great deeds or
 battle,
 Enthralled by the vile, musty clown-herds of cattle.
 Without churches or clergy, woodland or fold,
 Without Fenians, or freedom, succour or gold,
 All houseless, all hopeless,—their friends in the
 mould;
 While slavish plebeians and vassals on hire a
 Betrothal might claim from our Silé ni Gadhra!

But now, ye FREE-HEARTED! renowned for your
 bravery,
 Await not from foreign aid freedom from slavery;
 But marshal your masses, and, crushing feuds under,
 The foul laws that chained you rend, rend them
 asunder;
 Oh! lose not an hour in repose or complaint,
 Till, bursting the Sacsanach's wrongful restraint,
 Ye clear from our mother-land's fame the vile
 taint—
 Then, oh! what a joy! what a sight to admire! a
 Returning of FREEDOM to Silé ni Gadhra!

¹ Strangers, Englishmen.

² Pronounced "Owan," the chief referred to is Eogan Mór.

A TRUE STORY—CALLED MOLLY BAWN.

STREET BALLAD.¹

A STORY, a sad story, to you I will relate,
Of a beautiful young maiden, who met a woful fate;
As she walked out one evening, at the setting of the
sun,
And rested in a bower, a passing shower to shun.

Young Jemmy with his gun had been fowling all the
day,
And down beside the lake he came at close of twilight
grey;
Her apron being about her, he took her for a fawn;
But, alas, to his grief, 'twas his own Molly Bawn!

Now all ye brave young men, who go sporting with
the gun,
Beware of shooting late, and grey mists about the
sun:
Her apron being about her, he took her for a fawn;
But, alas, to his grief, 'twas his own Molly Bawn!

When he came to the bower, and found that it was
she,
His limbs they grew feeble, his eyes they could not see;
He took her in his arms, across her uncle's lawn,
And his tears flowed like fountains on his own Molly
Bawn.

Young Jemmy he went home, with his gun beneath
his hand,
Sick and broken-hearted, like a felon in the land;

¹ Highly popular in several of the midland counties of Ireland.

Crying—"Father, O, my father—by the lake—a fair
white fawn—

I levelled and I shot her dead—my own Molly Bawn!"

That night to her uncle her spirit did appear,
Saying—"Uncle, dearest uncle, my truelove he is
clear:

My apron being about me, he took me for a fawn;
But, alas, to his grief, 'twas his own Molly Bawn!"

Oh, Molly was his jewel, his sweetheart and his pride!
If she had lived another year, she would have been his
bride;

The flower of all the valley, the pride of hut and hall,
Oh, Jemmy soon will follow his own Molly Bawn.

LOWER GLANMIRE.¹

RALPH VARIAN.

ALL through the woods of Lower Glanmire
Her willing feet did never tire,
Ere he was 'whelmed, her heart's desire,
Oh, gaily heaved the ocean!

But weary now the woods at noon;
Oh, weary droops the waning moon;
And mourns, too, the falling dew
For gentle Dan O'Daly!

He loved the river of the hills,
He loved the million dancing rills,
The sea shore, and each flower that fills
With sweet thy fields, Duncathail!²

¹ A beautiful locality near the city of Cork, close to Riverstown, with which it communicates by pleasant pathways and clear rapid streams.

² Pronounced Duncathill, close to Glanmire.

The steady strong grasp of his hand
Told how he loved the dear Old Land,
When kindred spoke of tidings grand
And hope for stricken Ireland !

And tender ties were round him bound,
The ties of woman's love profound ;
And love, confessed, made hallowed ground
Within thy woods, Duncathail.

But weary now the woods at noon ;
Oh, weary droops the waning moon ;
And mourns, too, the falling dew
For gentle Dan O'Daly !

He traded to the village mill ;
He bore ripe corn from the hill ;
The hanging woods the balm distil
That fanned his shining hooker !

He sailed beyond the harbour-light ;
The autumn waves were capped with white ;
And oh, he sank, the hills in sight
That sheltered all the village !

Oh, bitter wail ! Oh, piercing cry !
No eye in all the village dry !
And long her brain and heart remain
As cold as frozen ocean !

So weary now the woods at noon ;
As weary droops the waning moon ;
And mourns, too, the morning dew
For gentle Dan O'Daly !

The Virgin with her lovely Child
Appeared above the torrents wild,
And poured the heavenly balsam mild
Upon her stricken reason.

She moves about with noiseless feet,
And feels the consolation sweet
That in the Tranquil Realms she'll meet
With him she loved so dearly.

Through hanging woods of Lower Glanmire
Her trembling feet now lag and tire ;
For he is 'whelmed, her heart's desire,
And sadly heaves the ocean !

She seeks at weary close of day
The poor old mother, blind and grey,
And talks of bright days far away,
And him they loved so dearly.

Yet weary still the woods at noon,
As weary droops the waning moon ;
And mourns, too, the morning dew
For gentle Dan O'Daly !

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDAL.

J. T. CAMPION, M. D.

As the torrent bounds down from the mountain
Of cloud-helmed stormy Kaigeen,
And tosses, all tawny and foaming,
Through the still glen of lone Carrageen ;
So dashed a bold rider of Wicklow,
With forty stout men in his train,
From the heart of the hills, where the Spirit
Of Freedom has dared to remain !

Of grey frieze their caps and their surcoats ;
Their carbines were close to their knee ;
And their belts were well furnished with pistols,
Like men who knew how to be free !

Oh ! grass-green the sash on their shoulders,
Their caps crested green with cockades ;
And their Leader, he wore a large dagger,
The brightest and keenest of blades.

To the right ran Imael's lovely valley,
And before them was meadow and mound ;
And the gallop of freemen was music
The echoes sprang out to resound !

Thou leader of horsemen ! why hasten
So fleetly to Brusselstown hill ?
What foemen, what yeomen await thee,
To question, in Wicklow, thy will ?

No foemen or yeomen they're seeking,
Tho' furiously onward they ride ;
But their Leader, he loves a young maiden,
And he's speeding to make her his bride !

" Halt ! " bridles were drawn, and they halted :
There's a farmstead looming ahead,
And the door of the dwelling is open ;
Now the leader rode forward, and said—

" There's somebody seeking thee, Mary—
A boy who came down from Kaigeen,
With forty brave bridesmen from Laragh,
With cockades and crosses of green ! "

Oh ! Mary came out in her beauty,
The loveliest maid of Imael ;
The loveliest flower that blossomed
In all the wild haunts of the vale.

Arrayed in an emerald habit,
And the green and the white in her hair,
The Leader, he sprang from his courser,
As light as a hawk from the air :

He pressed her fair hand to his bosom ;
She felt the big throb of his heart—
“ My Mary ! I'll love thee for ever,
Till God, on this earth, will us part ! ”

They led out a horse on the heather ;
She patted his neck with her hand,
Then sprang on his back, like a feather,
And stood in the midst of the band !

The Leader was soon in his saddle :
“ Castle Ruddery's ruins ! ” he cried ;
“ The Priest's house is near to Green's River,
And here is the ring for my bride ! ”

Away dashed the cavalcade fleetly,
By beauty and chivalry led,
With their carbines aflash in the sunlight,
And the saucy cockades in their head.

The Priest he demurred and he pleaded—
The maiden she blushed and she frowned,
And the Leader of Forty felt nervous,
And tapped with his gun on the ground.

And thus went the parley, till even
Began to fall down on the glen ;
And the Priest thought a matron were better
To be 'mid such wild bearded men.

They were wedded : “ To horse ! ” cried the Leader,
And the bridal pair led the hot flight ;
And away rode DWYER the Outlaw
To his mountain-cave back in the night !

NANO NAGLE.¹

[Foundress of the Presentation and Ursuline Order of Nuns in Ireland,
which are devoted chiefly to the education of the poor.]

GERALD GRIFFIN.

* * * * *

Is no waking reserved for our sleep of despair?
Ha, see!—there's a shooting of light in the gloom,
And the spirit of Nagle replies from the tomb.

Hail, star of the lowly! apostle of light,
In the glow of whose fervour the cottage grew bright!
Sweet violet of Sanctity, lurking concealed, [vealed;
Till the wind wafts the leaf, and the bloom is re-
By the light of that glory which burst on thy youth,
In its day-dreams of pleasure, and woke it to truth,
By the tears thou hast shed, by the toil thou hast
borne,
Oh, say shall our night know a breaking of morn?

THE TAGUS AND THE LEE.

RALPH VARIAN.

THERE came from Spain's old famous land,
Where Tagus wanders free,
A lover, with a stately hand,
And bore me from the Lee:
His sweet smile tempers sun with dew,
Like morning on the Lee;
But here, though Tagus sweeps in view,
My native hills for me!

We have a home, verandah-bright,
With myrtles blooming fair,
A window that looks out at night
On this clear Spanish air;

¹ There is a memoir of Nano Nagle, by Dean Murphy, published in Cork.

But, ah ! through starting tears I see
An em'rald green hill side,
Where I would trace the winding Lee,
And be my Spaniard's bride !

We climb these mountain heights sublime,
Or wander on the strand,
And, gazing through the golden clime,
We bless this glorious land !
But still the thought my bosom swells,
Oh, with my love to be,
And hear my native Shandon bells,
And see the winding Lee.

By vines and groves in fruitful pride,
Hoar cork-trees, waving green,
Hang on this swelling mountain side,
And fair paths wind between !
And streams the fern and willow reach,
Which never cease to flow,
Where quince, and apricot, and peach,
And luscious melons grow !

But million berries glitter black
In glens and on the height,
Where ash trees shade the sunset track,
And furze are golden bright ;
And currants glitter white and red,
In sweet flowers hums the bee,
Where strawberries, in hanging beds,
Look down upon the Lee !

There green leaves globe the noon-tide dew,
And green crops ridge the steep,
And witching flowers of radiant hue
In crystal waters peep !
Oh, bright the morning mushroom-time,
The speckled fields to see,

Where song-birds usher in the prime,
Upon the banks of Lee !

The wholesome root luxuriant grows,
And blossoms, golden-eyed,
Where gleams the cottage-board, and shows
Such hospitable pride !
The cream and butter fresh as dew,
All these I miss, and more,
The golden locks and eyes of blue
Beside the thatched-roof door !

For, ah ! on Graunabraugher-height
A child I used to be !
That beauty fed my infant-sight—
The lough, the distant sea,
The streets of Cork, the quays, the spires,
All rising fair to see,
The wooded hills of Lower Glanmire,
Above the winding Lee !

The sun, in splendid colours bright,
Dips in this Tagus-bay ;
The moon and stars look out at night,
And play as bright as day ;
And our verandah-window shows
These glories fair, and more,
The orange flowers and sweet musk-rose
Around our trellised door.

Yet dearer far that misty light,
That steals all through the west ;
With Carrigraughan's vale in sight,
And meadows cowslip-dressed !
Once more, in arch of rainbow-light,
My native bay for me ;
Or Moon, or Stars, or Clouds, or Night,
Where flows the winding Lee !

Oft, oft our prayers together rise
 For blessings on Her head,
 Whose brow ascends the dewy skies
 Where emerald glories spread,
 With yearnings for the dear delights
 To crown sweet liberty,
 When peasants' homes are safe and bright
 Where flows the winding Lee!

My Spaniard has a fairy boat,
 With latteen sails all white,
 In which, with me, he loves to float
 Upon the Tagus bright ;
 But I would rather sail the wave,
 Or with him wander free,
 On lands which hold my father's grave
 Where flows the winding Lee!

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD OF 1691.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

[When Limerick was surrendered, and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of the old soldiers of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread ; and with them some gentlemen, loth to part from their estates or their sweethearts, among whom Redmond O'Hanlon is perhaps the most memorable. The English army and the English law drove them by degrees to the hills, where they were long a terror to the new and old settlers from England, and a secret pride and comfort to the trampled peasantry, who loved them even for their excesses. It was all they had left to take pride in.]

RIGH Shemus¹ he has gone to France, and left his
 crown behind ;
 Ill luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin' in
 his mind !

¹ " Righ Seamus"—King James II.

Lord Lucan¹ followed after, with his Slashers brave
and true,
And now the doleful keen is raised—"What will poor
Ireland do?"

"What must poor Ireland do?"
Our luck," they say, "has gone to France—what *can*
poor Ireland do?"

Oh! never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still;
For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the
hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than
these—
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rap-
parees!

The fearless Rapparees!
The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and cowlder than
the clay!
Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's
gone away!
It's little love you bear to us, for sake of long ago;
But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a
deadly blow—

Can strike a mortal blow—
Och, *dar-a-Criost!* 'tis she that still could strike a
deadly blow!

¹ After the Treaty of Limerick, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, sailed with the brigade to France, and was killed whilst leading his countrymen to victory at the battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, on July 29, 1693, saying, as he drew his hand, covered with his heart's blood, from his bosom, and looking at it, "Would that this were for my native land."

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly *bodagh*¹
fills ;

The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the
hills.

But God be praised that round him throng, as thick
as summer bees,

The swords that guarded Limerick wall—his loyal
Rapparees !

His lovin' Rapparees !

Who dare say *no* to Rory Oge, with all his Rapparees ?

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long
and sore—

God rest the faithful hearts he broke !—we'll never see
them more !

But I'll go bail he'll break no more, while Truagh has
gallows-trees,

For why ?—he met, one lonely night, the fearless
Rapparees !

The angry Rapparees !

They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rap-
parees !

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I
say—

Keep down your black and angry looks, that scorn us
night and day :

For there's a just and wrathful Judge, that every action
sees,

And He'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faith-
ful Rapparees !

The fearless Rapparees !

The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the roving Rap-
parees !

¹ "Bodagh"—A severe and inhospitable man.

MICHAEL DWYER.¹

T. D. SULLIVAN.

At length brave Michael Dwyer and his undaunted
men
Were scented o'er the mountains, and tracked into the
glen ;
The stealthy soldiers followed, with ready blade and
ball,
And swore to trap the outlaw that night in wild
Emall.²

They prowled about the valley, and toward the dawn
of day
Discovered where the faithful and fearless heroes lay ;
Around the little cottage they formed in a ring,
And called out "Michael Dwyer ! Surrender to the
king !"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer—"Into this house we
came
Unasked by those who own it ; they cannot be to
blame ;
Then let those guiltless people, unquestioned, pass you
through ;
And when they've passed in safety, I'll tell you what
we'll do."

'Twas done. "And now," said Dwyer, "your work
you may begin ;
You are a hundred outside—we're only four within ;

¹ The same 'Ninety-Eight Wicklow leader, whose life has been recently written by Dr. Campion, and whose daring has been celebrated by him in some of his forcible ballads, one of which we have given—"The Outlaw's Bridal."

² The Glenn of Emall, in the county of Wicklow.

We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our
reply—

We're true United Irishmen—we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the
leaden rain;

The hills around re-echoed the thunder peals again ;

The soldiers falling round him brave Dwyer sees with
pride ;

But, ah ! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining, good battle still to do ;

Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick
and true—

But hark that furious shouting the savage soldiers
raise !

The house is fired around them !—the roof is in a
blaze !

And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,

And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their
foes ;

Then spake the brave M'Alister, the weak and
wounded man—

" You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your
plan :

" Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor—

I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door ;

They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array,

Then, while their guns are empty, dash through them,
and away !"

He stood before the foemen, revealed amidst the
flame ;

From out their levelled pieces the wished-for volley
came ;

Up sprang the three survivors, for whom the hero
died,
But only Michael Dwyer burst through the ranks out-
side.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind,
And swam the River Slaney, and left them far behind ;
But many a scarlet soldier he promised soon should
fall
For those, his gallant comrades, who died in wild
Emall.

FAREWELL TO PLEASANT ERINN.

From the Irish of Geardoit Nuinsionn (Garret Nugent).

GEORGE SINGER: ON, M. D.

[This "Farewell," so full of pathos, tenderly and nobly expressed, is even more touching from the fact of its having been composed by the author in the barque which was bearing him to exile, and when the plains and mountains of his own beloved isle were departing from his sight. The bard was one of those who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," and was forced to flee in the gloomy days of Elizabeth—in the days of MULLACHMAST.]

'Tis tearful to pass from the Hills of Fail,
'Tis grief to leave Erin's meads—
The odorous peaks of the gay, gold bees !
The Isle of the bounding steeds !

But though far my course o'er the easterly sea,
And turned from Fiontan's strand,
My heart, on this journey, it leaveth me—
Nought is dear but my Erin's Land !

O Land of the rich fruit-bended trees !
O Land of the green, green plains !
Old dewy and fragrant country of Ir,
Of the branches and golden grains !

O Isle of the Knightly, Isle of Saints!
 O Banba of beautiful maids!
 O Land of the blue, the clear-leaping streams,
 Of the gold-deeded champions' blades!

If blessed by GOD be my heart's dear hope,
 I'll see thee once more, FATHERLAND!
 But I never could wish from The Stranger to come
 To where Sacsanachs base command.

It is not for the perils of far, wild seas,
 But for quitting Dun-leary I grieve!
 Ah, my spirit were joyless and lifeless abroad;
 Fair Delvin! it cannot leave!

Farewell to the friends who gaze after my barque,
 Brave youths of Dun Darveis,² to you!
 O Meath who art noblest! O country of song!
 Once, Land of the Free—Adieu.

MY OLD BLIND MARE.

B. M'GUINNESS.³

NEVER again thou'lt gaze on me,
 My old blind mare;
 Thou canst not now thy master see,
 My old blind mare;
 For the bright beams of fire are gone,
 That once in those dimmed eyeballs shone,
 Which I so loved to gaze upon,
 My old blind mare!

¹ Delvin—County of Westmeath.

² Darveis—Meath. Ireland is signified by the different appellations of "Fiontan," "Banba," "Ir."

³ A young man of the North of Ireland; brother to Mrs. Ellen Forrester.

Full many a joyous happy day,
My old blind mare,
Did you and I together stray,
My old blind mare,
O'er the dark mountain to the cot
Where dwelt the maid whose heart I sought;
Right well we knew the cherished spot,
My old blind mare:

I call to mind the evening late,
My old blind mare,
We cantered to the wooden gate,
My old blind mare,
Where Kathleen at the little stile
Was waiting for us all the while,
And on her lips a welcome smile,
My old blind mare.

I asked her, as she patted thee,
My old blind mare,
Would she thy mistress wish to be,
My old blind mare;
A blush then rose upon her cheek;
She hung her head, but couldn't speak,
And stroked thy graceful neck so sleek,
My old blind mare.

I took in mine her hand so soft,
My old blind mare,
And told her what I'd told her oft,
My old blind mare;
Then from her bosom came a sigh;
A tear rose to her bright blue eye;
It was affection's fond reply,
My old blind mare!

I asked no more, but quick as thought,
My old blind mare,
My arms around her waist I brought,
My old blind mare;
And placed her on thy good broad back,
While off we sped our homeward track,
Like west wind driving on the rack,
My old blind mare.

Then she and I were bound in one,
My old blind mare;
The wedding came, with famous fun,
My old blind mare;
The piper played a merry jig,
We danced—our hearts with joy were big,
And cared not for the world a fig,
My old blind mare.

'Twas then thy sides were glossy bright,
My old blind mare;
Thy form elastic, free, and light,
My old blind mare;
'Twas then thou couldst the mountain cross,
While 'neath thy feet, upon the grass,
The dew might hang unshook, alas!
My old blind mare!

Ah, me! those happy days are gone,
My old blind mare;
And here *we* are both sad and lone,
My old blind mare;
But where is Kathleen?—where is she?—
Cold in the grave, *asthor machree*!
And thou art all that's left to me,
My old blind mare!

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

MARY.¹

FAINT are the breezes, and pure is the tide,
 Soft is the sunshine, and you by my side ;
 'Tis just such an evening to dream of in sleep ;
 'Tis just such a joy to remember and weep ;
 Never before since you called me your own
 Were you, I, and Nature so proudly alone—
 Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon ;
 Dear is our own river, glancing along ;
 Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be
 The tides of the future for you and for me ;
 Dearest the thought, that, come weal or come woe,
 Through storm or through sunshine together they'll
 flow—
 Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon bark o'er the waters, how swiftly it glides !
 My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides ;
 As little I know what the future brings near ;
 But our bark is the same, and I harbour no fear ;
 Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true ;
 Wherever the stream flows 'twill bear me with you—
 Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 Summer and winter-time clinging to thee.

¹ Contributor to the *Old Nation*—a young lady of Cork city.

SITTING BY THE HEARTH.

(To a Little Girl.)

RALPH VARIAN.

Air—"Over the hills and far away."

SWEET Molly *now* is on my knee,
And we will ride a race to see
Where primroses and daisies play—
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills, and over the way,
Over the hills, at break of day,
We will ride, till twilight grey—
Over the hills and far away.

The pretty cuckoo flies, and sings !
The black-cock sails on lazy wings ;
The swallow skims, ere close of day—
Over the hills and far away.

And, with the birds, in air we'll fly,
In a fairy boat we'll sail the sky ;
And, with the clouds, we'll float and play—
Over the hills and far away.

We'll call to see the bright new moon—
'Tis singing now a sweet old tune ;
The only words it seems to say—
"Over the hills and far away."

My Molly plays at hide-and-seek,
Like timid hare, so soft and sleek ;
Or violets that peep at "day"—
Over the hills and far away.

Molly calls for 'Zaac to play,
She hides her head, and shouts out—"day !"
As cuckoo startles watchful May—
Over the hills and far away.

Molly has two soft bright eyes,
That look, as in my lap she lies,
Like stars, that wink, at dawning day—
Over the hills and far away.

My Molly has two sweet, fresh cheeks,
That brim with dew when trouble breaks;
Like buds in lap of balmy May—
Over the hills and far away.

My Molly has sweet hands and feet,
With dimples where the rosebuds meet;
She moves her lips, and seems to say—
Over the hills and far away.

* * * * *

Ye Children, know, who dwell afar,
These airs we learned of Saint Finn Barr;¹
He'll waft them down at break of day—
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills, and over the way,
Over the hills, at break of day;
He'll waft them, too, at Twilight grey—
Over the hills and far away.

THE ROBIN.

THOMAS IRWIN.

AMID the ivy on the tomb
The Robin sings his winter song,
Full of cheerful pity;
Deep grows the evening gloom,
Dim spreads the snow along!
And sounds the slowly tolling bell from
the silent city.

¹ The patron Saint of Cork.

Sing, sweet Robin, sing
To One that lies below ;
Few hearts are warm above the snow
As that beneath thy wing ;
So sing, sweet, sing
All about the coming Spring.

When summer, with hay-scented breath,
Shall come the mountains over,
Sing, Robin, through the valley,
Above the tufts of flowering heath,
And o'er the honied clover,
Where many a bronzed and humming bee shall
voyage musically ;
Sing, brown spirit, sing
Each summer evening
When I am far away ;
I know not one I'd wish so near
The dust I love as thou, sweet dear ;
So sing, sweet, sing
Still, still about the coming Spring.

SONG OF THE GALLOPING O'HOGAN.¹

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Air—"He thought of the Charmer," &c.

HURRA ! boys, hurra ! for the sword by my side,
The spur and the gallop o'er bogs deep and wide ;
Hurra ! for the helmet an' shining steel jack,
The sight of the spoil, an' good men at my back !
An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,
An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland !

¹ One of the Rapparee chiefs in the time of James II.

At the wave of my sword start a thousand good men,
 And we ride like the blast over moorland and glen ;
 Like dead leaves of winter, in ruin an' wrath,
 We sweep the cowed Saxon away from our path.
 An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,
 An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland !

The herds of the foe gaze at noon by the rills ;
 We have them at night in our camp 'mid the hills ;
 Their towns lie in peace at the eve of the night,
 But they're sacked an' in flames ere the next mornin'
 light !
 An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,
 And chase the black foe from ould Ireland !

And so we go ridin' by night and by day,
 An' fight for our country an' all the rich prey ;
 The roar of the battle sweet music we feel,
 An' the light of our hearts is the flashin' of steel !
 An' well sack and burn for King and sireland,
 An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland !

S O N G.

AUBREY DE VERE. .

[In the following beautiful song, Mr. De Vere implies an apology for the cheerful character of his fellow-countrymen under suffering and slavery.]

Not always the winter ! not always the wail !
 The heart heals perforce where the spirit is pure !
 The apple-tree blooms in the glens of Imayle ;
 The blackbird sings loud by the Slane and the Suir !
 There are princes no more in Kincora and Tara,
 But the gold-flower laughs out from the Maigue at
 Athdara ;

And the Spring-tide that wakens the leaf in the bud
 (Sad mother, forgive us) shoots joy through our
 blood!

Not always the winter! not always the moan!
 Our fathers, they tell us, in old time were free;—
 Free to-day is the stag in the woods of Idrone,
 And the eagle that fleets from Loch Lein o'er the
 Lee!
 The blue bells rush up where the young May hath
 trod;
 The souls of our martyrs are reigning with God!
 Sad mother, forgive us! yon sky-lark no choice
 Permits us—From heaven he is crying, "Rejoice!"

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.¹

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE Little Black Rose shall be red at last;
 What made it black but the March wind dry,
 And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
 It shall redden the hills when June is nigh!

The Silk of the Kinc shall rest at last;
 What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
 In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
 With her mild gold horn and her slow, dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last!
 The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die!
 This song is secret. Mine ear it passed
 In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

¹ One of the mystical names of Ireland, as is also "The Silk of the Kinc." In these beautiful lines Mr. De Vere typifies the final resurgence of Ireland. The weak creatures are easily killed—the strong, such as the pine, though it bleeds, flourishes on. The Irish lost a great battle at Athenry; "they fought with unflinching bravery," says Flaherty, "but the chivalry of Connaught was crushed, and irreparable injury inflicted on the Irish cause."

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

1599.

R. D. WILLIAMS.¹

[Essex, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, invaded Ireland with an army of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse. He marched through Munster, and the sole result of his enterprise was the reduction of two castles, and the feigned submission of three native Chiefs. When passing through Leinster, he was harassed by the O'Moores, who made an attack upon his rear-guard, in which many of his men and several of his officers were killed; and among the traditional records of his visit, it is told that, from the quantity of plumes of feathers of which his soldiers were despoiled, the place of action long continued to be called "The Pass of Plumes."]

"Look out," said O'Moore, to his clansmen, "afar—
Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners' drums?
By heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll;
And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
What a winter of Plumes on the forest of Spears!
To the clangour of trumpets and waving of flags,
The clattering of cavalry prance o'er the crags;
And their Plumes—By St. Kyran! false Saxon, ere
night [flight.
You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your

Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the Pale
To be shed by Armagh and be won by O'Neil?
Shall we yield to O'Ruark, to M'Guire, and O'Donnell,
Brave chieftains of Breffny, Fermanagh, Tyrconnell,
Yon helmets, that 'Erick'² thrice over would pay
For the Sassenach heads they'll protect not to-day?

¹ Educated at Carlow College. His poems indicate the possession of humour, pathos, and power; we may cite "The Taxman," "Adieu, the Snowy Sail," and the above poem, as types of his genius. He emigrated, on the partial check of the National Movement in '48, to the United States, where he became Professor of Belles Lettres in the Catholic College of Mobile. He died in the year 1862, in America, in about the fortieth year of his age, leaving a wife and two children.

* Fine for manslaughter in the Irish code.

No! By red Mullaghmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
Avenge your sires' blood on their murderous race.
Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,¹
Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and to-
gether!"

Then loudly the clang of commingling blows
Up swelled from the surrounding fields,
And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
And the clash of a thousand shields;
And the long plumes danced, and the falchions rung,
And flashed the whirled spear;
And the furious barb through the wild war sprung,
And trembled the earth with fear.
The fatal bolts exulting fled;
And hissed as they leaped away;
And the tortured steed on the red grass bled,
Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimsoned—I hear the mingled cries
Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the
skies.

The cooluned Kerne rushes upon armour, knight and
mace,
And bone and brass are broken in his terrible em-
brace!

The coursers roll and struggle, and the riders, girt in
steel,
From their saddles, crushed and cloven, to the purple
heather reel,
And shattered there, and trampled by the charger's
iron roof,
The seething brain is bursting through the crushing
helmet's roof.

Joy! Heaven strikes for freedom! and Elizabeth's
array,
With her paramour to lead 'em, are sore beset to-day.

¹ The O'Moores wore a sprig of heather in their helmets.

2

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
Are trampled on the battle field, or scattered on the
gale!

As the cavalry of ocean, the living billows, bound
When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang
around,

And, tempest-crested, dazzlingly caparison'd in spray,
They crush the black and broken rocks with all their
roots away;

So charged the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire—
Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric
fire—

They rose like banded billows that, when wintry tem-
pests blow,

The trembling shore, with stunning roar and dreadful
wreck o'erflow.

But where they burst tremendously upon the bloody
groun',

Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shivering
barques went down.

Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of
the Pale,

And your snowy ostrich feathers, as a tribute to the
Gael.

Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight
and squire;

They will make our virgins ornaments, or decorate the
lyre.

Ho! Essex, how your vestal Queen will storm when
she hears

The "mere Irish" chased her minion and his twenty
thousand spears!

Go! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, M'Hugh,
O'Neill,

Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in
Innisfail.

The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge
to nurse,
And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse
From age to age consuming, it shall blaze, a quench-
less fire,
And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely
than his sire.

By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our crom-
leachs, raths, and towers—
By sword and chain, by all our slain—between your
race and ours
Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless
tears and gore,
'Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps
from the shore!"

NANNY'S SAILOR LAD.¹

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Now fare you well, my bonny ship,
For I am for the shore ;
The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,
They'll carry me no more.

And all as I came walking
And singing up the sand,
I met a pretty maiden,
I took her by the hand.

But still she would no raise her head,
A word she would not speak ;
And tears were on her eyelids,
Dripping down her cheek.

¹ This has turned up in our collection of Cork and Dublin Halfpenny Ballads. It is included in Mr. Allingham's "Music Master, and other Poems."

Now grieve you for your father,
 Or husband might it be?
 Or is it for a sweetheart
 That's roving on the sea?

It is not for my father;
 I have no husband dear,
 But, oh! I had a sailor lad,
 And he is lost, I fear.

Three long years
 I am grieving for his sake;
 And when the stormy wind blows loud,
 I lie all night awake.

I caught her in my arms,
 And she lifted up her eyes:
 I kissed her ten times over
 In the midst of her surprise.

Cheer up, cheer up, my Nanny,
 And speak again to me;
 Oh dry your tears, my darling,
 For I'll go no more to sea.

I have a love, a true love,
 And I have golden store;
 The wave may flow, the breeze may blow—
 They'll carry me no more!

A WAIL.—1847.

DOCTOR WILLIAM DRENNAN.¹

LAMENT for the land where the sunbeams wander,
 Amid shadows deeper than elsewhere fall,
 And the listless winds seem to wail and ponder
 Over glories past which they can't recall.

¹ Son of that Dr. Drennan of 1798 who wrote the celebrated poem on the death of William Orr, and the song, "When Erin first rose," &c.

And ye!—ye are hirelings and satraps, not nobles!
 Your slaves, they detest you; your masters, they
 scorn!
 The river lives on—but the sun-painted bubbles
 Pass quick, to the rapids incessantly borne.

THE LULLABY.

OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.¹

EDWARD WALSH—TRANSLATOR.²

HUSH, baby mine, and weep no more;
 Each gem thy regal fathers wore,
 When Erinn, Emerald Isle, was free,
 Thy poet-sire bequeaths to thee!
 Hush, baby dear, and weep no more!
 Hush, baby mine, my treasured store;
 My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
 Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

The steed of golden housings rare,
 Bestowed by glorious Falvey Fair,
 The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,
 In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!
 Hush, baby dear.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
 That flashed despair on foeman's flight;
 And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow,
 That at Clontarf laid heroes low!
 Hush, baby dear.

¹ His extempore effusion, to soothe the sorrows of his child, the mother being absent.

² Died at Cork, in 1850. About seven years after his demise a few of the working men of Cork raised, in the Mathew Cemetery, a graceful monument to his memory.

The courier
From Oasid
An eagle
And Skellern
Hush, hush

Fingal's
And Dromed
The
What
Hush, hush

The
The
The
And
Hush, hush

Nor shall
The mantle
That view
Whole
Hush, hush

Another
Mac
Great
Pursued
Hush, hush

And
And
Hush, hush

Hush, hush

W,

ing!

's tone
one?

ow;

the Irish

Text from Google

Fair are its cities, but Despair frequents them ;
 From its fertile valleys must the famished flee ;
 And coasts safe-smiling, where the wave indents them,
 Invite, Isle of Ruin ! no hope to Thee !
 Och-ón for thee, Erinn ! och-ón a chree !

Round thy mystic towers and cromlechs lonely
 Flit shadows majestic of chiefs and sage ;
 But the light on each clairseach and torque is only
 Dimly reflected to this darkened age.
 Felled are thy tall trees that erst branched so boldly,
 Hushed thy sweet singers that once warbled free ;
 Oh ! the bleak fortune that now clasps thee coldly !
 When, Isle of Ruin ! shall it pass from thee ?
 Och-ón for thee, Erinn ! och-ón a chree !

DIRGE OF OLIFEIR GRAS.¹

From the Irish of Seann Mac Walter Walsh.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M. D., TRANSLATOR.

DARK'S the cloud our mountains o'er,
 A cloud that never came before ;
 Stern the noon-hush—broken lowly
 By the Voice of Sorrow solely.

Floats the death-knell on the wind,
 Grief, alas ! comes close behind ;
 Harshly hoarse the raven's croaking,
 Warning that man's life is broken.

For thee, O noble youth ! for thee,
 Wails the *bean-rig'e*² mournfullie,
 In the midnight, still and lone,
 Sadly swells her caoiné's³ moan.

¹ Oliver Grace.

² Pronounced *ban-shee*.

³ Pronounced *keena*, and not *keen*, as it is generally misspelt.

The Rock's Son¹ answers to her wail,
Grieving from grey wall and vale ;
The cock no longer hails the pearly
Morn, nor cheers us late or early.

Ah, my Oliféir óg ! mo c'roid'e,²
'Tis thy death wakes the wild bean-sig'e ;
'Tis it that brings both night and morrow,
'Tis it that brings the bitter sorrow !

What fills thy place to us, our chief ?
Nought but tears, and sobs of grief ;
There's nought for us since *he* is taken,
But weeping tears, and sore heart-breaking !

Death ! thou'st smote for ever, now,
The fairest flower from highest bough ;
Mo nuar ! could nothing stay thy doom's tone
And save our dear one from the tombstone ?

Sword of Brightness ! strong and sure
Shielder of the just and poor,
'Neath thy noble father's banner
High thou won'st in Ormond honour !

Ne'er till now—ah ! ne'er till now
Thy home 'neath hopeless grief did bow ;
Good thou wast, O Heir ! and noble,
Thee, they mourn in bitter trouble.

Rightful heir, in truth—still bearing
High their name and love for Erin ;
As oak tree, thou wast fair to see,
And like to broaden thy branches free.

Such was not thy fate's designing,
Lorn in earth thou'rt now reclining ;

¹ Son of the rock is the literal meaning of *Mac Alla*, the Irish for *echo*.

² Pronounced *mochree*, i. e. young Oliver, my heart.

Oh, Ruin of Joy, each day for all—
Ah—for thy love—a black heart-pall!

She, a mother, ever weepeth
For the long, long sleep he sleepeth,
Her children's sire, her first love, dearest;
Ah, 'tis she hath anguish drearest!

Never again the chase he'll follow
By misty mount, or gloomy hollow;
Never be heard his sweet voice ringing,
Never his dogs' cry, gaily springing.

Never he'll urge his swift young steed
Over the mound and over the mead;
Change is o'er his fairness bowed,
O'er his glory fell a cloud.

Oh, generous Hand! thou'rt weak for aye!
Magnanimous Heart! thou art but clay!
Seed of knight, fast friend of the Bard,
O'er thee the spirits of song keep ward.

Bright Beam of Song! unquench'd thy fame,
My lay shall live with thy radiant name,
And win a tear in the after morrows
For thee, perchance, and thy Bard of sorrows.

THE FAIRIES.¹

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A Song for Children.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

¹ The whole of this beautiful song can be seen in Mr. Allingham's "Night and Day Songs;" we have given only a portion of it.

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home ;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs
All night awake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite ?
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together :
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL

KEEGAN.

[John Keegan, like Edward Walsh, was born of the people, and lived and died amongst them. He was born in the Queen's County, in a village by the Nore; and died in the year 1849, at the age of forty years.]

"COME buy my nice fresh Ivy, and my Hollysprigs
so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
Come buy from me, good Christians, and let me home,
I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Time,' and a
'Happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you buy my Ivy? the loveliest ever seen!
Ah! won't you buy my holly boughs?—all you who
love the green!
Do! take a little branch of each, and on my knees I'll
pray,
That God may bless your Christmas, and be with your
New Year's Day.

"The wind is black and bitter, and the hailstones do
not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff en-
tangled hair;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful I say—
So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming
New Year's Day."

—'Twas a dying maiden sung, while the cold hail
rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's
dreary town;

One stiff hand clutched her Ivy-sprigs and Holly boughs
so fair,
With the other she kept brushing the hail drops from
her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that
Death
Was lurking in her footsteps, whilst her hot impeded
breath
Too plainly told her early doom, though the burden
of her lay
Was still of life, and Christmas joys, and a Happy New
Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad bleak Thomas-street I heard the
wanderer sing ;
I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged
ring—
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts were
far away
Where I was many a Christmas-tide, and Happy New
Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods amongst the
Holly Green ;
I dreamed of my own native cot, and porch with Ivy
screen ;
I dreamed of lights for ever dimmed—of hopes that
can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never
more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to
buy ;
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did not
heed her cry ;

She uttered one low piercing moan—then cast her
boughs away,
And smiling cried, "I'll rest with God before the
New Year's Day."

* * * *

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new-
made grave,
Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring
wave :
The minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven has winged
her happy way,
And now enjoys with sister-saints an endless New
Year's Day.

THE SHAMROCK.

RALPH VARIAN.

WHEN eager Spring sees Winter still
Fixed with his ice-belts on the hill ;
While leafless woods, all trembling, feel
The sap along their branches steal ;
And sheltered banks of mossy mould
'Throw up the cups of white and gold ;
Though Winter from the mountains yet
'Mid snow-sheets puffs his bitter breath ;
While Spring's fair breast with passion heaves—
I seek the Shamrock's triple leaves.

And when from dewy mountain height
She hangs her velvet mantle bright,
And, drooping with laburnum-showers,
Looks through her lilac-scented bowers ;
While woods throw back her glittering beam
With tender green and lucid gleam ;

While dance, to all her soft warm showers,
Her fragile, pensile, woodland flowers,
As Spring with deep'ning passion heaves—
I seek the Shamrock's triple leaves.

And when the beech with glittering mass
Of satin foliage sweeps the grass,
And June waves out her radiant wing
To dazzle sweet departing Spring;
And foxglove-bells, and white-ray-flowers
Gleam through her shades of tangled bowers ;
And seas of fern heave and swell,
And stately moon-flowers fringe the dell,
And scarlet poppies nod between
The field of wheat, yet sappy green,
And trodden green sward breathing tells
Of clover white, with honey-cells ;
And luscious blooms of golden vetch
To sea-shore meadows sunward stretch,
And Summer bathes in Spring's fresh Falls—
I seek the Shamrock's golden balls.

When flick'ring beams of golden hue
Through maples bathe germander blue,
And o'er the heaving meadow's sod
The pearly and downy light stems nod,
Whose amber clusters drooping chime
Sweet greetings to the year's rich prime ;
And great valerian reddens o'er
The walls of Ballintemple shore ;
And grass plats of the gardens trim
With mignonette are blossoming,
And village doors and windows swing
To let the balm of summer in,
As latest shower from hawthorn falls—
I seek the Shamrock's golden balls.

When Summer tempts the open boat
Where breezes play and ripples float,
And, with vacation fully in,
Brings schoolboys to the river's rim ;
While, standing by the rugged way,
The towering thistle eyes the day,
And crimson by the cottage walks
Sweetwilliams glow and hollyhocks,
And sunflower—stately mystic flower—
Wheels with the slowly wheeling hour,
When panting Summer dries the Falls—
I seek the Shamrock's golden balls.

When Morning, with her eye of light,
Peers low among the branches bright,
And, skimming on the seaward flow
Of winding river, swift or slow,
Sets Glanmire's steaming woods a-glow ;
And pennyroyal, flowering, lifts
His pale green wands, in fairy rifts ;
And Autumn's crisp and glittering wings
Bring thoughts of Christmas-gatherings,
Bearing the fruited holly up,
Strewing the branch, and acorn cup,
Shaking the fragrant russets down,
With nuts upon her carpet brown ;
From azure heights and orange halls
When latter rains fling waterfalls ;
With clouds a-glow, and breezes keen—
I seek the Shamrock's fadeless green.

When waterfowl, dejected, lag
By tall masts of the bulrush flag,
And rushy isle, with mist-wreath white,
Is centred in the gleaming light
Of frozen lough—a brilliant sight !

While ice-house hoards the frozen store,
And piled-up carts are bearing more ;
And ice-men busy at the rim,
While skaters o'er the surface skim ;
And by the cot and sheltered well
The old thorn shows the icicle ;
With snow in drifts and bright air keen—
I seek the Shamrock's fadeless green.

When tired of day, pent up within,
And weary of the hammer's din ;
Or shrinking from the creaking hinge,
As rich men flaunt, and poor men cringe ;
Or 'mid their halls my spirit palls
At bigot-creeds and party calls ;
Or tightened brow begins to fade
Ere evening spreads her twilight shade ;
Ere stars arisc, ere sunsets fall,
'Mid Autumn dyes, or Spring's fresh call,
Or barren Winter leafless grieves—
I seek the Shamrock's triple leaves.

MY VIOLON.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

WITHIN my little lonely room,
Where many a crimson evening shines,
I cheer away the falling gloom
With songs beneath the casement-vines :
Sweet memories haunt the lingering day
That hovers o'er each golden sun—
Each tune I play
Brings back a ray—
Sing to me, sing, old Violon.

Old friends, your homes in sunset shine,
The trees around them softly sigh,
While o'er the rolling distant brine
You sail from home and poverty ;
I see your vessel far away,
I see your faces sad and wan
Turned where the day
Sets wild and grey—
Sing to them, sing, old Violon.

Old books, companions of my youth,
And friends of age, still brightening earth,
How oft we've mused above your truth,
How often smiled upon your mirth !
Your date recalls the happy years,
And all who blessed them passed and gone—
Their smile appears
'Mid falling tears—
Sing to them, sing, old Violon !

Companionless amid the days
I wander in the Autumn blast,
Through fields and trees, and well-known ways,
The silent scenery of the past.
Like friends the distant mountains smile,
O'erflowed by the departing sun—
A little while,
A little while,
Sing to them yet, old Violon.

Yon pale autumnal cloud of white
Stood in the cold east all day long,
And in the silent sky to-night
Under the full moon hears my song.
My fancy whispers mournfully—
'Tis some dear spirit beloved and gone,
Come back to see
Old earth and me—
Sing to her, sing, old Violon.

Ah ! soon, sweet friend, thy aged strings
To stranger fingers shall resound ;
But, when to thy rich murmurings
The joyous dancers beat the ground,
Through the gay window, with the moon,
I'll look ere mirth and dance be done,
And list thy tune,
Though soon, too soon,
Death wafts me from my Violon.

THE CANNON.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Air—" Barrack Hill."

WE are a loving company
Of soldiers brave and hearty ;
We never fought for golden fee,
For faction, or for party ;
The will to make old Ireland free
That set each dauntless man on,
Which banished us beyond the sea,
With our brave iron cannon.
And here's the gallant company
That fought by Boyne and Shannon,
That never feared an enemy,
With our brave iron cannon !

Come, fill me up a pint of wine,
Until 'tis brimming o'er, boys ;
Our gun is set in proper line,
And we have balls galore, boys.
Now here's a health to good Lord Clare,
Who'll lead us on to-morrow,
When through the foe our balls will tear,
And work them death and sorrow !
And here's the gallant company, &c.

I've brought a wreath of shamrocks here,
In memory of our own land—
'Tis withered like that Island drear,
That sorrowful and lone land ;
I'll hang it nigh our cannon's mouth,
To whet our memories fairly,
And there's no flower in all the south
Could deck that gun so rarely !
And here's the gallant company, &c.

At Limerick how it made them run,
The Dutchman and his crew, boys !
'Twas then I made this gallant gun
To plough them through and through, boys ;
And since that day in foreign lands
It roared triumphant ever—
It blazed away, yet here it stands
Where foeman's foot shall never !
And here's the gallant company, &c.

'Tis dinted well from mouth to breech
With many a battle furrow ;
A fitting Sermon it will preach
At Fontenoy to-morrow.
Then never let your spirits sink,
But stand around, each man on
This foreign slope, and we will drink
One brave health to our cannon !
And here's the gallant company, &c.

GENTLE BRIDEEN.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M. D., TRANSLATOR.

“*Ó bhríde nio uí Máile ír tu d’fag mo éiríodóe
craíodóe.*”

O GENTLE fair maiden, thou hast left me in sadness;
My bosom is pierced with Love's arrows so keen;
For thy mien it is graceful, thy glances are gladness,
And thousands thy lovers, O gentle Brideen!

The grey mists of morning in autumn were fleeting,
When I met the bright darling down in the breen;
Her words were unkind, but I soon won a greeting;
Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen!

Oh! fair is the sun in the dawning all tender,
And beauteous the roses beneath it are seen,
Thy cheek is the red rose! thy brow the sun-splendour!
And, Cluster of ringlets! my dawn is Brideen!

Then shine, O bright Sun, on thy constant, true lover;
Then shine, once again, in the leafy breen,
And the clouds shall depart that around my heart
hover,
And we'll walk amid gladness, my gentle Brideen!

ON THE BAY.

BOAT SONG—GLENGARIFFE.

RALPH VARIAN.

MOONLIGHT follows glowing day—
Launch the boat upon the bay;

Play the oars with timely zest,
Gently on Glengariffe's breast.
 Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

All things bright and lovely here
Wake the smile, and start the tear;
Mountain sprites through valleys float,
Catch the trembling bugle-note.
 Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

Glorious mountains, piled around,
Shelter the enchanted ground;
Mirror, struck by pliant oar,
Gold showers to the woodland shore.
 Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

Place the helm in fairest hands,
Bear the boat to silver sands;
Mingawn Buidhe,¹ and Pigeon Cave,
Shadowed in the moon-lit wave.
 Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

As we glide o'er sheltered deeps,
In this glen, where ocean sleeps,
'Neath the pale moon's placid ray,
And the stars that gem the Bay,
 Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

¹ Mingawn Buidhe (pronounced *bree*) and Pigeon Cave: both are situated outside the Bay, at Pooleen Cove; the cave is remarkable; the cliffs are magnificent. Mingawn Buidhe—"The Yellow Kid Rock." Here, too, are "The Seal Caves."

Raise the song for those who rest,
 Banished from Glengariffe's breast,
 In New World, by primal trees,
 Or in far Antipodes.

Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

"Oars that move their boats afar
 Work beneath propitious star;
 Shadowy tides of life, when struck,
 Splendours yield to their true work.

Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

"May their souls, with rays divine,
 Still round Erinn's glories shine;
 And their hearts to ours keep time,
 Circling in a distant clime.

Play the oars, with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

"Beaming to Glengariffe's shore,
 Where we ply the steady oar;
 And the green star sheds its rays,
 Herald of triumphant days."

Play the oars with timely zest,
 Gently on Glengariffe's breast.

ROVING BRIAN O'CONNELL.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Air—"How do you like her for your wife."

"How do you like her for your wife,
 Roving Brian O'Connell?"

A loving mate and true for life,
 Roving Brian O'Connell?"

"She's as fit to be my wife
As my sword is for the strife,"
Said the Rapparee trooper,
Roving Brian O'Connell!

"Ne'er to Mabel prove untrue,
Roving Brian O'Connell,
For, oh! she'd die for love of you,
Roving Brian O'Connell!"
"Oh! my wild heart never knew
A flame so constant too,"
Said the Rapparee trooper,
Roving Brian O'Connell!

"Her father died, as dies the brave,
Roving Brian O'Connell,
Beneath the blow the Saxon gave,
Roving Brian O'Connell."
"Next we'll meet the Saxon knave,
He'll get pike and gun and glaive!"
Said the Rapparee trooper,
Roving Brian O'Connell.

"How will you your young bride keep,
Roving Brian O'Connell?
The Foeman's bands are ne'er asleep,
Roving Brian O'Connell."
"In our hold by Conail's steep,
Who dare make my Mabel weep?"
Said the Rapparee trooper,
Roving Brian O'Connell.

"This day in ruined church you stand,
Roving Brian O'Connell,
To take your young bride's priceless hand,
Roving Brian O'Connell."

" Oh, my heart, my arm, my brand,
Are for her and our dear land !"
Said the Rapparee trooper,
Roving Brian O'Connell!

AN IRISH MOTHER'S DREAM.

THOMAS IRWIN.

ONE night, as the wind of the Winter blew loud,
And snow wreathed the earth like a corse in its shroud,
An aged mother mused, in her dim cottage shed,
O'er the young soldier-son of her heart far away,
Where the cannon flames red o'er the low-lying
dead,
And the desolate camp bleakly spreads in the day.
And near stood her Daughter, with sad strained smile,
And kind cheek of care, that long weeping had
worn,
As she whispered, " Now sleep, dearest Mother,
awhile ;
God is good, and our Dermot will surely return."

The poor Mother turned on her pillow, and there
Soon slept the kind sleep Heaven sheds on our care.
Silence filled the dusk chamber—the low ashy hearth
Sunk lower, and noiselessly sifted the snow
O'er the white spacious girth of the cold, solemn
earth,
Where the muffled moon fitfully glimmered
below ;
But vanished awhile are her visions of fear,
And passed, for a space, is her sorrow and pain ;
For an angel has wafted her soul from its sphere,
And in dreams she beholds her own Dermot again.

Dear joy, how she loves him! A long year has passed
Since she kissed his pale forehead, and hung on his
breast;

She looks in his face—'tis the same, still the same—

Still soft are those eyes as the dew on the sod:

No thirst for the game of wild battle or fame

Have lessened their love for her, thanks be to
God!

But away! they are speeding o'er mountain and
moor,

O'er city and forest, o'er tempest and tide;

But little she heeds of their terrors, be sure,

While that son of her bosom seems still by her
side.

Lo! at length they have passed the wild ocean, and
stand

On a summit that looks o'er a desolate land;

Far off, the great fortresses boom o'er the spray,

Anear, the black tents drift the slopes of the
ground;

And a sense of decay fills the solitude gray,

For an army in ruins is scattered around.

"And is it for this," said the poor dreaming soul,

"My Dermot has wandered from home's blessed
air?

Here Death fills the wind blowing keen from the
Pole—

Here the Pestilence strikes what the cannon may
spare."

They passed through the streets of the tents lying
still;

They passed through the trenches that ridge the brown
hill;

They saw the pale faces that famine has worn ;
They pace where the wounded lie lonely and lost—
Where the corse, cannon-torn, to its red bed was
borne—

Where the poor frozen sentinel died on his post.
“ Ah, why, Dermot, why did you cross the wide foam,
To fortune, my child, in this land of the dead ?
Sure we'd plenty at home—there was better to
come :

Why, for this, did you leave me, *acushla* ?” she said.

“ I thought as you grew fond and brave by my side,
No sorrow could cloud us—no fate could divide ;
I fancied the day when our home would grow bright
With the smile of some *colleen* I'd cherish for thee,
When I'd sing through the night by the hearth's
ruddy light,
With your boy, my own Dermot, asleep on my
knee ;
And when, circled round by a few happy friends,
Old age drooped my head after many a year,
As I passed to my God, through the death that He
sends,
The kind Father would bless me, and you would
be near.”

Still close in the gloom seems he standing by her ;
But hark ! 'tis the drum, and the camp is astir,
And a sound fills the air, from the hill to the star ;
Like an earthquake along the wild bastion it runs,
While echoes afar roar the voice of the War,
As it doubles its thunders from thousands of guns,
And she wakes. In the gleam of the pale morning
air

One gives her a letter—soon, soon it is read ;
But a low piteous moan only speaks her despair—
“ Ah, Mother of God ! my own Dermot is dead !”

THE LUPRACAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER:

(A Rhyme for Children.)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Charry, charry, charry, chee-e !
Only the grasshopper and the bee ?
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too !
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight :
Summer days are warm ;
Underground, in winter,
Laughing at the storm !"
Lay your ear close to the hill,
Do you not catch the tiny clamour ;
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lupracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him fast,
And you're a made
Man !

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;
How should you like to roll in your carriage,
And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?
Seize the Shoemaker—so you may !

“ Big boots a hunting,
 Sandals in the hall;
 White for a wedding feast,
 And pink for a ball.
 This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe,
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too !”

Nine and ninety treasure-crocks
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,
 Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build;
 From times of old
 Guarded by him;
 Each of them filled
 Full to the brim
 With gold !

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch where the foxglove grows ;
 A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,
 Spectacles stuck on the point of his nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
 “ Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tack-tack-too !
 A grig skipped upon my cap,
 Away the moth flew,
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son—
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done !”

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
 I stared at him ; he stared at me ;
 “ Servant, sir !” “ Humph !” says he,
 And pulled a snuff-box out.

He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
 The queer little Lupracaun;
 Offered the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

MALLOW.

RALPH VARIAN.

WHERE woods and lawns retiring slope,
 I found my life, my health, my hope—
 A well of Love that dimples o'er,
 And that is, Mairé geal mo stor.¹

The Mallow Well springs bubbling up
 Where feeble hearts drink living hope;
 Your smile the dying would restore,
 My gentle Mairé geal mo stor.

Where rivers flow between the hills,
 In honey vales, by flowery rills,
 Her fame they sing it o'er and o'er,
 The fame of Mairé geal mo stor.

Around The Ring of Mallow town,
 When flowers were high and corn down,
 And brown leaves still, and hounds astir,
 I met with Mairé geal mo stor.

The Lee and Bride 'mid shadows beam,
 Where woods retire, and pastures gleam!
 But Heaven wreathes the crystal floor
 That murmurs round my Mairé's door.

¹ *Mauria gal mosthore*—"Bright Mary, treasure."

Old Munster's streams are fair to see !
The Suir, the Shannon, and the Lee ;
There, too, the Blackwater can pour
Its murmurs round my Mairé's door.

Give me the form, the russet gown,
The dimples fair, the apples brown,
The sunny smile, the playful stile
Of gentle Mairé geal mo stor.

Take wealth, and rank, and rustling sweep ~
Of silken gown, on carpets deep ;
Give me a cot and frugal store,
And gentle Mairé geal mo stor.

U P !

A VERNAL ODE.

Street Song ; written in 1798.

'Tis Spring—and blithe from spray to spray
The winged musicians hop,
Uniting in a roundelay,
As if they all were UP.

Each plant erects its pendent head
Each flower expands its cup ;
The very weeds in every bed
Set impudently UP.

There's not a tree in wood or grove
That waves its branchy top,
Which does not hoist the badge of love
And union boldly UP.

The brambles on the highway side,
 A numerous, hardy crop,
 So long kept down by winter's pride,
 Spring amicably UP.

The tenants of the crystal stream
 Their heads above it pop!
 As if they wanted to exclaim,
 "See, Neighbours, we are UP."

Each hill now cocks its crest on high
 As any martial fop,
 While every valley seems to cry,
 "Come down, and help us UP."

The progress of this rising rage,
 No human power can stop—
 Then, Tyrants, cease your war to wage;
 For NATURE WILL BE UP.

OVER THE MORNING DEW.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Air—" *As truagh gan peata fir agum.*"

It is the sweetest hour of love;
 The sun is o'er the eastern grove,
 And nought is heard but coo of dove,
 And wild streams in the greenwood:—
 Over the morning dew,
 Over the morning dew,
 Come with me, young gradh geal mo chroide,¹
 Unto the leafy greenwood!

¹ *Grau gal mo chree*—"Bright love of my heart."

With flowers that bloom so sweetly there
I'll deck thy dress and golden hair,
And thou hast never looked so fair

As there in that wild greenwood :—
Over the morning dew,
Over the morning dew,
Come with me, young gradh geal mo chroide,
Unto the leafy greenwood !

There rears the Rath its lonely height,
Where fairies come at noon of night,
And there my faith I'll fondly plight
To thee in that wild greenwood !

Over the morning dew,
Over the morning dew,
Come with me, young gradh geal mo chroide,
Unto the leafy greenwood !

Oh ! fear not here to stray with me ;
You know me from your infancy ;
I'll ask but look of love from thee,
And fond kiss in the greenwood ;
Over the morning dew,
Over the morning dew,
Then come with me, young gradh geal mo chroide,
Unto the leafy greenwood !

TIME'S EARTHQUAKE.

T. IRWIN.

Lo ! the elements, gathered for ages, unroll
Their thunder-clouds, bursting from tropic to pole !—
Let the storm speed amain—yon red star in the sky
Proclaims that the earthquake of Nations is nigh.

Change quickens the world, from its dawn overcast ;
 Eternity's bell tolls the hour from the vast,
 Where regenerant chaos, out-spreading its wings,
 Shall roll to their ruin the Empires, the Kings—
 While the slumbering giant Democracies, bound
 By diplomatists' Lilliput-chains to the ground,
 With an upheaving stretch of their gaunt giant bones,
 Shake to air the dynastic dominion of Thrones.
 Let it come, let it come; richer æon will rise
 When the war-smoke drifts off from the purified skies;
 Then may Peace, pacing on from the clear golden
 morn,
 Weed the world of its tares, scatter dew on its corn;
 Set a heavenlier star on the brow of the Age;
 Arm for noblest battle Saint, Hero and Sage;
 While thenations, re-shaped by the earthquake of Time,
 Independent and equal, secure and sublime,
 Round the old rolling world a new lustre may fling,
 Like the strong solid splendour of Saturn's great ring,
 Still brightening, as through the vast cycles they run,
 In the civilized glories of Liberty's sun!

THE HEATHER GLENN.

AN ULSTER SONG.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

Air—"An Smacteen Cron."¹

THERE blooms a bonnie flower
 Up the heather glenn,
 Though bright in sun, in shower
 'Tis just as bright again!

¹ The music of this air is to be found in the first series of "Poets of Munster," published by O'Daly, Dublin.

I never *can* pass by it—
I never dar' go nigh it—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glenn!
Sing Oh, the blooming heather!
Oh, the heather glenn!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men!
I never can pass by it—
I never dar' go nigh it—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glenn!

There sings a bonnie linnet
Up the heather glenn;
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men!
It brings Joy down before us
Wi' winsome mellow chorus,
But flies, far, too far, o'er us
Up the heather glenn!
Sing, Oh, the blooming heather!
Oh, the heather glenn!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men!
I never can pass by it—
I never dar' go nigh it—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glenn!

Oh, might I pull the flower
That's blooming in that glenn,
Nae sorrow that could lower
Would make me sad again!
And might I catch that linnet:
My heart, my hope are in it!
Oh, heaven itself I'd win it,
Up the heather glenn!

Sing, Oh, the blooming heather !
Oh, the heather glenn !
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men !
I never can pass by it—
I never dar' go nigh it—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glenn !

WRITTEN ON PRESENTING AN INFANT WITH
A GREEN TOP-KNOT ON HER BIRTHDAY.

From "The Press" Newspaper, October 12th, 1797.

ANONYMOUS.

SWEET were her infant smiles, and sweet her mien,
As on her brow I bound the Ribbon Green;
For nature's child should nature's livery wear,
And Green is the banner Erinn's sons should bear.
Her daughters, too, should verdant fillets grace,
And next their hearts the mystic shamrock place.
Green are her fields, her waves, and green each grove,
And green is the badge of liberty and love.
The myrtle green is heaven's favoured tree,
First planted in the land of liberty.
O favoured Isle, by Nature truly blessed,
Too long insulted, and too long oppressed ;
Though once the seat of Arts and ancient lore,
Thy learning and thy arts are seen no more ;
Though on thy soil no poisonous reptile lives,
Thy fruits to foreign slaves profuse it gives—
A venal vermin servilely sustains ;
Poor Erin long has felt sore galling chains ;
And God, who raised her high above the wave,
And made her daughters fair—their brothers brave,

Her shores, protected by the circling flood,
 Blessed the green Isle, and said that it was good.
 May Heaven, propitious, hear my anxious vow,
 And bless the charm that binds thy fairy brow;
 Make her the mother of a hardy race—
 Thy sons give freedom, and thy daughters peace.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAREWELL.

Translated from the Spanish of Villanueva.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

BALLYSHANNON, flowery village,
 Flowery village, once my home!
 Peaceful rest among thy mountains,
 That afar off see me roam.

Left my little flock for ever—
 Never by the river-tide
 Shall I tend the merry kidling
 Leaping by its mother's side;
 On the upland pasture never
 Pass the glowing noon away,
 Shaded 'neath the wavering wild rose
 Looking o'er the dreary bay.
 Bear I these alone for dower—
 Flowery village, once my home!—
 Sweet old tunes and songs of childhood
 In my breast, where'er I roam.

On this mountain slope above thee,
 Where I spent my happy time,
 'Mid the fruit my hands had planted
 Gladdened by thy distant chime,
 Here, ere leaving thee for ever,
 Here I light a fire—the last,
 'Mid my cot's down-broken ruins,
 And the ruins of the Past.

Nought remains of all my labour—
Nought but broom and nettles rank,
Thistle, gorze and wild weed cluster
Over meadowy field and bank.
Burst in flames dry wood and bramble,
Light the ruins of my home,
And the sad steps of its master,
Who afar off now must roam.

Seeking some fair spot of safety,
O'er the hills my path shall lie,
Sleeping, mayhaps, in their bosoms,
'Neath the vigil of the sky—

Sleeping, mayhaps, by the fireside
Of some shepherd, rough and kind,
With my heart gone back in slumber
To the land I left behind ;
Or, it may be, in the valleys
Wander through the gentle spring,
Tilling 'mid the lowland gardens,
When green leaves are opening ;
Or upon the moving waters
Seek the good gifts of the sea,
Till another tempest coming
Drive me off, as now from thee.

But amid the cities never,
Never shall my pathway lie,
Where great walls shut out the mountains,
And dark smoke the holy sky.
Ballyshannon, flowery village,
Flowery village, once my home,
Peaceful rest among thy mountains,
That afar off see me roam.

THE END.

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